



THE
SCORNEFVLL

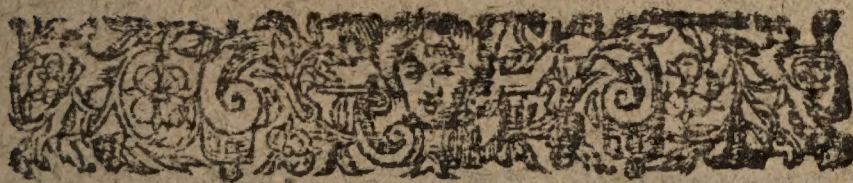
LADIE.

A Comedie.

As it was now lately Acted (with great
applause) by the Kings Majesties Seruants,
at the *Blacke-Fryers*.

Written
By FRAN: BEAUMONT, and IO: FLETCHER,
Gentlemen.

The third Edition.



LONDON.

Printed by B. A. and T. F. for T. Jones, and are to be sold at his
Shop in St. Dunstons Church-yard in Fleet-street.

1639.

The Actors are these.

Elder LOVELESSE, a Sister to the Lady.

THE *Young* **LOVELESSE, a Prodigall.**

SAVILL, Steward to the eldest LOVELLESSE.

LADY, and
MARTHA, two Sisters.

MARTHA,

YOUNGLOVE, or ABIGAIL, a waiting Gentlewoman.

WELFORD, a Suter to the Lady.

Sir R O G E R, Curate to the Lady.

A { CAPTAIN,
TRAVELLER,
POET,
TOBACCO-MAN,

{ hangs on to Young
LOVELESS.

TRAVAILER,

42 СРОЕТ,

(TOBACCO-MAN,

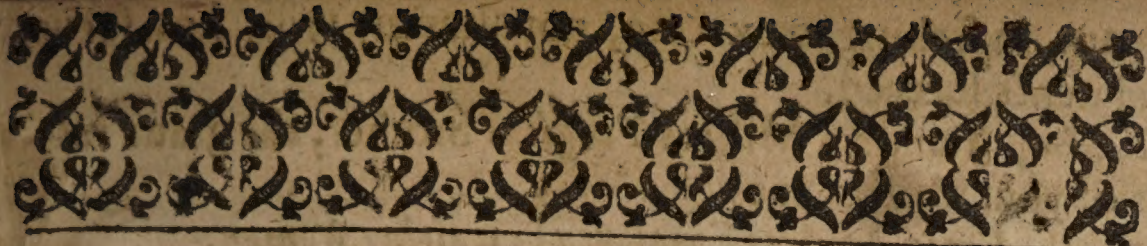
Wenches.

Fidlers.

MORECRAFT, an Usurer.

A rich Widow.

Attendants.



THE SCORNFVLL LADY, A COMEDY.

ACTVS, I. SCÆNA, I.

*Enter the two Louellesses, Samill the Steward,
and a Page.*

Elder Lone :

B Rather is your last hope past to mollifie *Moorecrafts* heart about your Mortgage?

Young Lone : Hopelesly past : I haue presented the Vsurer with a richer draught then euer *Cleopatra* swallowed ; hee hath suckt in ten thousand pounds worth of my Land, more then he paid for at a gulpe, without Trumpets.

El. Lo. I haue as hard a taske to performe in this house.

Young Lo. Faith mine was to make an Vsurer honest, or to loose my Land.

El. Lo : And mine is to perswade a passionate woman, or to leaue the Land.

Yo. Lo. Make the boate stay, I feare I shall begin my vnfortunate iourney this night, though the darkenesse of the night and the roughnes of the waters might easily dissuade an vnwilling mon.

Samil. Sir your Fathers old friends hold it the sounder course for your body and estate to stay at home and marrie, and propagate and gouerne in your Countrey, then to trauell and die without issue.

El. Lon. Samil, you shall gaue the opinion of a better
A 3
Seruant.

seruant, in seeking to execute, nor alter my will, howsoeuer my intents succeed.

To. Lo. Yonders Mistres Tonglone brother, the graue rubber of your Mistres toes.

Enter Mistres Tonglone the waiting woman.

El. Lo. Mistres Tonglone.

Tong. Masse, *melesse*, truly wee thought your sailes had beene hoist : my Mistres is perswaded you are sea sicke ere this.

El. Lo. Loues shee her ill taken vp resolution so dearely ? Didst thou mooue her from me ?

Tong. By this light that shines, theres no remoouing her, if shee get a stiffe opinion by the end. I attempted her to day when they say a woman can deny nothing.

El. Lo. What criticall minute was that ?

Tong. When her smocke was ouer her eares : but she was no more pliant then if it hung about her heeles.

El. Lo. I prethee deliuer my seruice, and say, I desire to see the deere cause of my banishment ; and then for France,

Tong. Ile doe't : harke hither, is that your brother.

El. Lo. Yes, haue you lost your memory ?

Tong. As I liue hee's a pretty fellow.

Exit.

To. Lo. O this is a sweete Brache.

El. Lo. Why she knowes not you.

To. Lo. No, but she offered me once to know her : to this day she loues youth of eightene ; she heard a tale how *Cupid* strooke her in loue with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but he neuer saw her ; yet she in kindnesse would needs weare a willow garland at his wedding. She lou'd all the Players in the last Queenes time once ouer : She was strooke when they acted louers, and forsooke some when they plaid murthers. She has nine *Spurroyals*, and the seruants say shee hords old gold ; and she herselfe pronounces angerly, that the Farmers eldest sonne, or her Mistres husbands Clarke shall bee, that marries her, shall make her a ioynture of fourescore pounds a yeere ; she telstales of the seruing-men.

El. Lo. Enough, I know her brother. I shall intreate you onely to salute my Mistres, and take leaue, wee'l part at the staires.

Enter

Enter Lady and waiting woman.

La. Now Sir, this first part of your will is performed :
whats the rest ?

El.Lo. First let me beg your notice for this Gentleman my
brother.

La. I shall take it as a favour done to me, though the gen-
tleman hath receiued but an vntimely grace from you, yet
my charitable disposition would haue beene ready to haue
done him freer curtesies as a stranger, then vpon those cold
commendations.

Yo.Lo. Lady, my salutations craue acquaintance and leaue
at oncc.

La. Sir I hope you are the master of your owne occa-
sions.

Ex. Yo.Lo. Samill.

El.Lo. Would I were so. Mistres, for me to praise ouer
againe that worth, which all the world, and you your selfe
can see.

La. Its a cold Rome this ; Seruant.

El.Lo. Mistres.

La. What thinke you if I haue a chimney fort out here ?

El.Lo. Mistres another in my place, that were not tyed
to beleeue all your actions iust. would apprehend himsele
wrong'd : But I, whose vertues are constancy and obedience.

La. Yongloue, make a good fire aboue to warme mee after
my seruants *Exordiums*.

El.Lo. I haue heard and seene your affability to be such,
that the seruants you giue wages to may speake.

La. Tis true, tis true ; but they speake toth' purpose.

El.Lo. Mistres your will leades my speeches from the pur-
pose. But as a man ———

La. A Simile seruant ? This roome was built for honest
meaners, that deliuer themselues hastily and plainly, and are
gone. Is this a time or place for *Exordiums*, and *Similes*, and
Metaphors ? If you haue ought to say, breake intoo't : my
answers shall very reasonably meet you.

El.Lo. Mistres I came to see you.

La. Thats happily dispatch, the next.

El.Lo. To take leaue of you.

La. To begon ?

El.Lo. Yes.

La. You

La. You need not haue dispar'd of that, nor haue vs'd so many circumstances to win me to giue you leaue to performe my command ; is there a third.

El. Lo. Yes, I had a third, had you beene apt to heare it.

La. I? neuer apter. Fast (good Seruant) fast.

El. Lo. Twas to intreat you to heare reason.

La. Most willingly, haue you brought one can speake it?

El. Lo. Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart loue and forgiveness.

La. You would stay at home?

Eld. Lo. Yes Lady.

La. Why you may, and doubtlesly will, when you haue debated that your commander is but your Mistris, a woman, a weake one, wildly overborne with passions : but the thing by her commanded, is to see *Douers* dreadfull cliffe, passing in a poore waterhouse ; the dangers of the mercilesse channell twixt that and *Callis*, five long houres sayle, with three poore weekes victuals.

El. Lo. You wrong me.

La. Then to land dumbe, vnable to enquire for an English hoast, to remoue from Citie to Citie, by most chargeable post-horse, like one that rode in quest of his Mother tongue.

Eld. Lo. You wrong me much.

La. And all these (almost inuincible labours) performed for your Mistres, to bee in danger to forsake her, and to put on new alleagance to some French Lady, who is content to change language with your laughter, and after your whole yeare spent in tennis and broken speech, to stand to the hazard of being laught at, at your returne, and haue tales made on you by the Chamber-maids.

Eld. Lo. You wrong me much.

La. Lowder yet.

Eld. Lo. You know your least word is of force to make me seeke out dangers, mooue me not with toyes : but in this banishment, I must take leaue to say, you are vnjust : was one kisse forc't from you in publike by mee so unpardonable? Why all the houres of day and night haue scene vs kisse.

La. Tis

Lady. Tis true, and so you told the company that heard me chide,

Eld. Lon. Your owne eyes were not dearer to you then I?

Lady. And so you told vm.

Elder Lo. I did, yet no signe of disgrace neede to haue stain'd your cheek: you your selfe, knew your pure and simple heart to bee most vnspotted, and free from the least basenesse.

Lady. I did: But if a Maides heart doth but once thinke that shee is suspected, her owne face will write her guiltie.

Elder Lo. But where lay this disgrace? The world that knew vs, knew our resolutions well: And could it bee hop'd that I should giue away my freedome, and venture a perpetuall bondage with one I neuer kist? or could I in strict wisdom take too much loue vpon mee, from her that choose mee for her Husband?

Lady. Beleeue me; if my wedding smocke were on,
Were the gloues bought and giuen, the Licence come,
Were the Rosemary branches dipt, and all
The Hypochrist and Cakes eate and drunke off,
Were these two armes incompast with the hands
Of Bachelers to leade me to the Church,
Were my feete in the doore, were I *Iohn*, said,
If *Iohn* should boast a fauour done by me,
I would not wed that yeare: And you I hope,
When you haue spent this yeere commodiously,
In archieuing Languages, will at your returne
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eyes,
Then such a friend: More talke I hold not now
If you dare goe!

Elder Lo. I dare you know: First let me kisse.

Lady. Farewell sweet Seruant, your taske perform'd,
On a new ground as a beginning Sutor,
I shall bee apt to heare you.

Elder Lo. Farewell cruell Mistresse.

Exit Lady.

Enter Young Lonnelesse and Saml.

Young Lo: Brother youle hazard the loosing your ride to *Grauesend*: you haue along halfe mile by Land to *Greenwich*?

Elder Lo: I goe: but Brother, what yet vneheard of course to liue, doth your imagination flatter you with? Your ordinary meanes are deuour'd?

Young Lo: Course, why horse-coursing I thinke. Consume no time in this: I haue no estate to be mended by meditation: hee that busies himselfe about my fortunes may properly be said to busie himselfe about nothing.

Elder Lo: Yet some course you must take, which for my satisfaction resolue and open: If you will shape none, I must informe you that, that man but perswades himselfe hee meanes to liue, that imagines not the meanes.

Young Lo: Why liue vpon others, as others haue liued vpon mee:

Elder Lo: I apprehend not that: you haue sed others, and consequently dispos'd of vni: and the same measure must you expect from your maintainers, which will bee too heavy an alteration for you to beare.

Young Lo: Why Ile purse; if that raise mee not, Ile bet at bowling alleyes, or man Whores; I would faine liue by others: but Ile liue whilst I am vnhang'd, and after the thoughts taken.

Elder Loue. I see you are ty'd to no particular imploiment then?

Young Lo: Faith I may choose my course: they say nature brings forth none but shee provides for them: Ile trye her liberalitie.

Elder Lo: Well, to keepe your feet out of base and dangerous paths. I haue resolued you shall liue as Master of my House. It shall bee your care *Sauill* to see him fed and clothed, not according to his present estate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

Young Loue: If it bee referd to him, if I be not found in *Carnation* iearsie Stockins, blew diuels breeches, with the guards downe, and my pocket ith fleeces, ile nere looke you i'th face againe.

Sa: A comelier wear I wusse it is then those dangling slops.

Elder Lo:

El: Lo: To keepe you readie to doe him all seruice peaceably, and him to command you reasonably, I leaue these further directions in writing, which at your best leasure together, open and reade.

Enter Youngloue to them with a Jewell.

Abig.; Sir, my Mistresse commends her loue to you in this token, and these words; it is a Jewell (she sayes) which as a fauour from her shee would request you to weare till your yeares trauaile bee performed: which once expired, she will hastily expect your happie returne.

El: Lo: Returne my seruice with such thanks, as she may imagine the heart of a sedainly ouer-ioyed man would willingly vtter, and you I hope) I shall with slender arguments perswade to weare this Diamond, that when my Mistres shall through my long absence, and the approach of new Sutors, offer to forget mee; you may call your eye downe to your finger, and remember and speake of mee: She will heare thee better then those allied by birth to her; as wee see many men much swayed by the groomes of their chambers, not that they haue a greater part of their loue or opinion on them, as on others, but for they know their secrets.

Abi. A my credit I sweare, I thinke it was made for mee: Feare no other Sutors.

Elder Loue: I shall not need to teach you how to discredit their beginning you know how to take exception at their shirts at washing, or to make the maides sweare they found plaisters in their beds.

Abi. I know, I know, and doe not you feare the Sutors.

Elder Lo: Farewell, be mindfull, and be happie; the night calls me.

Exeunt omnes præter Youngloue.

Abi. The Gods of the Winds befriend you Sir; a constant and a liberall Louer thou art, more such God send vs.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Let vm not stand still, we haue rid?

Abi: A sutor I know by his riding hard, Ile not be seene.

Wel: A prettie Hall this, No Seruant in't? I would looke freshly,

Abig. You haue deliuered your arrand to me then : there's no danger in a handsome young fellow : Ile shew my selfe.

Wel. Lady, may it please you to bestow vpon a stranger the ordinary grace of salutation : Are you the Lady of this house ?

Abig. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a Seruant of hers.

Wel. Lady I should bee as proud to be a Seruant of yours ; did not my so late acquaintance make mee dispaire.

Abig. Sir, it is not so hard to archiue, but nature may bring it about,

Wel. For these comfortable wordes, I remaine your glad Debtor. Is your Lady at home.

Abig. She is no stragler Sir :

Wel. May her occasions admit me to speake with her ?

Abig. If you come in the way of a Sutor, No.

Wel. I know your affable vertue will bee moued to perswade her, that a Gentleman benighted and strayed, offers to bee bound to her for a nights lodging.

Abig. I will commend this mess. g. to her ; but if you aime at her body, you will be deluded : other women of the households of good carriage and gouernement ; vpon any of which if you can cast your affection, they will perhaps bee found as faithfull and not so coy.

Exit Younglone.

Wel. What a skin full of lust is this ? I thought I had come a wooing, and I am the courted partie. This is right Court fashion : Men, Women, and all woo, catch that catch may. If this soft hearted woman haue infused any of her tender-nesse into her Ladie, there is hope shee will bee plyant. But who's here ?

Enter Sir Roger the Curate.

Roger. God sine you Sir, My Lady lets you know shee desires to bee acquainted with your name, before shee conferre with you ?

Wel. Sir, my name calls me *Welford*.

Roger. Sir, you are a Gentleman of a good name. Ile trye his wit.

Wel. I will vphold it as good as any of my Ancestors had this two hundred yeares Sir.

Roger, I

Roger. I knew a worshipfull and a Religious Gentleman of your name in the Bishopricke of *Durham*. Call you him Cousen?

Wel. I am onely allyed to his vertues Sir.

Roger. It is modestly said: I should carry the badge of your Christianitie with me too.

Wel. What's that, a Crosse? there's a teller?

Roger. I meane the name which your Godfathers and Godmothers gaue you at the Font.

Wel: Tis *Harry*: but you cannot proceed orderly now in your Catechisme: for you haue told mee who gaue mee that name. Shall I beg your name?

Ro: Roger.

Wel: What roome fill you in this house?

Roger. More roomes then one.

Wel: The more the merrier: But may my boldnesse know why your Ladie hath sent you to discipher my name?

Roger. Her owne words were these: To know whether you were a formerly denyed Sutor, disguised in this message: for I can assure you she delights not in *T balams: Himen*, and shee are at variance, I shall returne with much hast.

Exit Roger.

Wel. And much speed Sir, I hope: certainly I am arrived amongst a Nation of new sound fooles: on a Land where no Nauigator has yet planted wit, If I had foreseene it, I would haue laded my breeches with bels, knives, copper, and glasse, to trade with women for their virginities: yet I feare, I should haue betrayed my selfe to a needlesse charge then: heres the walking night-cap againe.

Enter Roger.

Roger. Sir, my Ladies pleasure is to see you: who hath commanded mee to acknowledge her sorrow, that you must take the paines to come vp for so bad entertainment.

Wel. I shall obey your Lady that sent it, and acknowledge your ma: brought it to be your Arts Master.

ard) or presently confound thee and thy reckonings, who's there? call in the Gentlemen.

Sauil. Good Sir.

Yo. Lo. Nay, you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

Sauil. Are you my masters Brother?

Yo. Lo. Are you the sage Master Steward, with a face like an old *Ephimerides*?

Enter his Comrades, Captaine, Traveller.

Sauil. Then God helpe all I say.

Yo. Lo. I, and tis well said my old peere of France: welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen; mine owne deere Lads y'are richly welcome. Know this old *Harry Groat*.

Cap. Sir I will take your loue,

Sauil. Sir, you will take my purse.

Cap. And study to continue it.

Sauil. I doe beleeeue you.

Travel. Your honourable friend and masters Brother, hath giuen you to vs for a worthy fellow, and so wee hugge you Sir.

Sauil. Has giuen himselfe into the hands of varlets, not to be caru'd out, Sir are these the peeces?

Yo. Lou. They are the Morrals of the age, the vertues. Men made of gold.

Sauil. Of your gold you meane Sir.

Yo. Lo. This is a man of warre, and cryes go on, and weares his colours.

Sauil. In's nose.

Yong Lo. In the fragrant field. This is a Trauailer Sir, knowes men and manners, and has plowd vp the Sea so farre till both the Poles haue knockt, has scene the Sunne take Coach, and can distinguish the colour of his horses, and their kinds, and had a *Flanders* Mare lept there.

Sa. Tis much.

Tra. I haue scenes more Sir.

Sa. Tis euen enough a conscience; sit downe, and rest you, you are at the end of the world already. Would you had as goed a liuing Sir, as this fellow could lie you out of, has a notable gift in't,

Yo. Lo.

Young Lo: This ministers the smoake, and this the Muses.

Sauil. And you the clothes and meate, and mony, you haue a goodly generation of vñ, pray let them multiply, your Brothers house is big enough, and to say truth, h'as, too much Land, hang it durt.

Young Loue: Why now thou art a louing Rinkard. Fire off thy Annotations and thy Rent Bookes, thou hast a weake braine *Sauil*, and with the next long Bill thou wilt run mad. Gentlemen you are once more welcome to three hundred pounds a yeare; we will be freely merry, shall we not?

Capt. Merry as mirth, and wine my louely *Loueleffe*.

Poet. A serious looke shall bee a Iury to excommunicate any man from our company.

Transl. We will not talke wisely neyther?

Young Lo: What thinke you Gentlemen by all this Renew in drinke?

Capt. I am all for drinke.

Transl: I am drye till it be so.

Poet: He that will not cry Amen to this, let him liue sober, seeme wise, and dye ath *Corum*.

Young Lo: It shall bee so, we'll haue it all in drinke, let meate and lodging go, th'are transitory, and shew men meerey mortall: then we'll haue wenches, euery one his wench, and euery weeke a fresh one: we'll keepe no powdered flesh: all these we haue by warrant, vnder the title of things necessarie. Heere, vpon this place I ground it: the obedience of my people, and all necessities: Your opinions Gentlemen?

Capt: Tis plaine and euident, that he meant wenches.

Sauil. Good Sir, let me expound it?

Capt: Here bee as sound men, as your selfe Sir.

Poet: This doe I hold to bee the interpretation of it? In this word *Necessarie*, is concluded all that bee helpe to Man; Woman was made the first, and therefore here the chiefest.

Young Lo: Beleeue me tis a learned one and by these words; The obedience of my people, (you Steward being one.) are bound to fetch vs wenches.

Capt: He is, he is.

Young Lo: Steward, attend vs for instructions?

Sauil. But will you keepe no house Sir?
Young Lo. Nothing but drinke Sir, three hundred pounds
in drinke.

Sauil. O miserable house, and miserable I that liue to see it.
Good Sir keepe some meate.

Young Lone. Get vs good Whores, and for your part,
Ile bound you in an Alehouse, you shall haue Cheefe and
Onions.

Sau. What shall become of me, no chimney smoking?
Well Prodigall, your brother will come home. *Exit.*

Yo. Lo. Come Lads Ile warrant you for wenches, three,
hundred pounds in drinke. *Exeunt omnes*

ACTVS, 2. SCÆNA, 1.

*Enter Lady, her sister Martha, Welford,
Younglone, and others.*

Lady. Sir, now you see your bad lodging. I must bid you
good night.

Wel. Lady if there be any want, tis in want of you?

Lady. A little sleepe will ease that complement. Once
more good night?

Wel. Once more deare Lady, and then all sweet nights.

Lady. Deare Sir be short and sweet then.

Wel. Shall the morrow proue better to mee, shall I hope
my fate happyer by this nights rest.

Lady. Is your fate so sickly that rest will helpe it? Pray ye
let it rest then till I call for it. Sir as a stranger you haue had
all my welcome: but had I knowne your errand ere you
came, your passage had bene straighter. Sir, good night.

Welford. So faire, and cruell deare vnkinde good-
night *Exit Lady.*

Nay Sir, you shall stay with me, Ile presse your zeale to farre.

Roger. O Lord Sir.

Wel. Doe you loue Tobacco?

Roger.

Roger Surely I loue it, but it loues not me; yet with your reuerence Ile bee bold.

Wel: Pray light it Sir. How doe you like it?

Roger I promise you it is notable stinging gaere indeed. It is wet Sir, Lord how it brings downe Rheume?

Wel: Handle it againe Sir, you haue a warme text of it.

Rog: Thankes euer promised for it. I promise you it is very powerfull, and by a Trope, spirituall; for certainly it mooues in sundry places.

Wel: Is it does so Sir, and me especially to aske Sir, why you weare a night-cap.

Roger Assuredly I will speake the truth vnto you: you shall vnderstand Sir, that my head is broken, and by whom; euen by that visible beast the Butler.

Wel. The Butler? certainly hee had all his drinke about him when he did it. Strike one of you graue Caslocke? The offence Sir?

Roger Re-proouing him at Tra-trip Sir, for swearing; you haue the totall surely.

Wel. You told him when his rage was set a tilt, and so hee crackt your Cannons. I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading: But shall we see these Gentlewomen to night.

Roger. Haue patience Sir vntill our fellow *Nicholas* be de-ceast, that is, a sleepe: for so the word is taken: to sleepe to dye, to dye to sleepe a very figure Sir.

Wel. Cannot you call another for the Gentlewomen?

Roger Not till the man be in his bed, his graue: his graue, his bed: the very same againe Sir. Our Comlicke Poet giues the reason sweetly; *Plenus rimarum est*, hee is full of loope-holes, and will discover to our Patronesse.

Wel. Your comment Sir has made me vnderstand you.

Enter Martha the Ladies Sister, and Young Ioue,
to them with a Passet.

Rog. Sir bee adrest, the graces doe salute you with the full bowle of plentie. Is our old enemy entomb'd?

Abig. He's safe?

Rog. And does he snore out supinely with the Poet?

Mar. No, he out-snors the Poet.

Wel: Gentlewoman, this courtesie shall binde a stranger to you, euer your seruant.

Mar: Sir, my Sisters strictnesse makes not vs forget you are a stranger and a Gentleman.

Abigall. In sooth Sir, were I chang'd into my Ladie, a Gentleman so well indued with parts, should not be lost.

Wel I thanke you Gentlewoman, and rest bound to you. See how this foule familiar chews the Cudde: From thee, and three and fiftie, good Loue deliuer me.

Mart: Will you sit downe sir, and take a spoone?

Wel: I take it kindly Lady.

Martha: It is our best banquet Sir?

Roger Shall we giue thanks?

Wel: I haue to the Gentlewomen already Sir.

Mar: Good sir *Roger*, keepe that breath to coole your part o'th posset, you may chance haue a scalding zeale else: and you will needs bee doing, pray tell your twenty to your selfe. Would you could like this Sir?

Wel. I would your sister would like me as well Ladie.

Mar. Sure sir, she would not eate you: but banish that imagination; shee's onely wedded to her selfe, lyes with her selfe, and loues her selfe; and for another husband then her selfe, hee may knocke at the gate, but nere come in: bee wise Sir, shee's a woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults, the lest of which is, shee cannot loue you.

Abig. God pardon her, she'l doe worse, would I were worthy his least greete Mistresse *Martha:*

Wel; Now I must ouer-heare her.

Mar. Faith would thou hadst them all withall my heart; I doe not thinke they would make thee a day older.

Abig: Sir, will you put in deeper, tis the sweeter.

Mar: Well said old sayings.

Welferd; shee lookes like one indeed. Gentlewoman you keepe your word, your sweet selfe has made the bottome sweeter.

Abig: Sir, I begin a frolicke, dare you change sir?

Wel: My selfe for you, so please you. That smile has turn'd my stomacke: This is right the old Embleame of the Moyle cropping

cropping off Thistles : Lord what a hunting head shee carries, sure she has beene ridden with a Martingale. Now loue deliuer mee.

Rog : Doe I dreame, or doe I wake ? surely I know not : am I rub'd off ? is this the way of all my morning Prayers ? Oh Roger, thou art but grasse, and woman as a flower. Did I for this consume my quarters in meditation, vowes, and wooed her in *Heroicall Epistles* ? Did I expound the Owle, and vnderooke with labour and expence the recollection of those thousand Peeces, consum'd in Cellars, and Tobacco shops of that our honour'd *Englishman Ni: Br* ? Haue I done this, and am I done thus too ? I will end with the Wise-man, and say, hee that holds a woman, has an Eele by the taile.

Mart : Sir 'tis so late, and our entertainment (meaning our posses) by this is growne so cold, that 'twere an vnmanerly part longer to hold you from your rest : let what the house has be at your command Sir ?

Wel. Sweet rest be with you Lady ; and to you what you desire too.

Exeunt.

Abig : It should be some such good thing like your selfe then.

Wel : Heaven keepe me from that curie, and all my Issue. Good night Antiquitie.

Rog : *Solamen Misericordie socios habuisse Doloris* : but I alone.

Wel : Learned Sir, will you bid my man come to me ? and requesting a greater measure of your learning, good night, good Master Roger.

Rog. Good Sir, peace be with you.

Exit Roger.

Wel : Aduedeare *Domine*. Halfe a dozen such in a Kingdom would make a man forswear confession : for who that had but halfe his wits about him, would commit the counsell of a serious sinne to such a cruell night cap ?

Why how now shall we haue an Antique ?

Enter servant.

Whose head doe you carry vpon your shoulders, that you iole it so against the Post ? Is't for your ease ? Or haue you seene the Sellar ? Where are my slippers sir ?

Ser : Here sir.

Wel : Where sir ? haue you got the pot verdago ? haue you seene the Horses Sir ?

Ser : Yes Sir.

Wel. Haue they any meate?

Ser: Faith Sir, they haue akind of wholesome Rushes, Hay I cannot call it.

Wel: And no prozender?

Ser: Sir, so I take it.

Wel. You are merry Sir, and why so?

Ser: Faith Sir, heere are no oates to be got, vnlesse youle haue vm in porredge: the people are so mainly giuan to Spoonemeate: yonders a cast of Coachmares of the Gentle-womans, the strangest Cattell.

Wel. Why?

Ser: Why, they are transparant Sir, you may see through them, and such a house?

Wel: Come Sir, the truth of your discoverie.

Ser: Sir, they are in tribes like Iewes: the Kitchin and the Dayrie make one tribe, and haue their faction and their fornication within themselves; the Battery and the Landry are another, and there's no loue lost; the chambers are intire, and whats done there, is somewhat higher then my knowledge: but this I am sure, becausethese copulations, a stranger is kept vertuous, that is, fasting. But of all this the drinke Sir.

Wel: What of that Sir?

Ser: Faith Sir, I will handle it as the time and your patience will giue mee leaue. This drinke, or this cooling Iulip, of which three spoonefuls kills the Calenture, a pintre breeds the cold Palfie.

Wel: Sir, you bely the house:

Ser: I would I did Sir. But as I am a true man, if it were but one degreee colder, nothing but an Asses hooe would hold it.

Wel: I am glad on't Sir, for if it had proued stronger, you had beene tongue-tide of these commendations. Light me the candle Sir, I heare no more. *Exeunt.*

Enter Young Louelesse and his Conrades, with wenches, and two Fiddlers.

To: Lo: Come my braue man of warre, trace out thy darling,
And you my learned Councell, set and turne boyes
Kisse till the Cow come home, kisse close, kisse close knaues.
My Moderne Poet, thou shalt kisse in couplets *Ent. With Wine.*
Strike vp you merry varlets, and leaue your peeping,

This

This is no pay for Fiddlers?

Capt. O my deare boy, thy *Hercules*, thy *Captaine*.
Makes thee his *Hilas*, his delight, his solace.
Loue thy braue man of warre, and let thy bounty.
Clap him in *Skamoi*: Let there be deducted out of our maine
Fine Mukes in hatchments to adorne this thigh, (potation
Crampt with this rest of peace, and I will fight
Thy battels.

To, Lo: Thou shalt haue boy, and fly in Feather,
Leade on a March you Michers. *Enter Saui.*

Sauil. O my head, O my heart, what a noyse and change is
here: would I had beene cold ith mouth before this day, and
nere haue liu'd to see this dissolution. Hee that liues within a
mile of this place, had as good sleepe in the perpetuall noyse
of an iron Mill. There's a deard Sea of drinke ith Seller, in which
goodly vessels lye wrast, and in the middle of this deluge ap-
peares the tops of flagons and blacke iackes, like Churches
drown'd ith marshes.

To, Lo: What art thou come? My sweet Sir *Amias* wel-
come to *Troy*. Come thou shalt kisse my *Hellen*, and court
her in a dance.

Sau. Good Sir consider?

To, Lo: Shall we consider Gentlemen. How say you?

Capt. Consider? that were a simple toy ifaith, consider?
whose morals that? The man that cryes consider is our foe:
let my steele know him.

Young Lo: Stay thy dead doing hand, he must not die yet:
prethee be calme my *Hellor*?

Capt. Peasant, slave, thou groome, compos'd of grudgings,
liue and thanke this Gentleman, thou hadst seene *Pluto* else.
The next consider kills thee.

Tran: Let him drinke downe his word againe in a gallon
of Sacke?

Poet Tis but a snuffe, make it two gallons, and let him doe
it kneeling in repentance.

Sauil Nay rather kill me, theres but a lay man lost. Good
Captaine doe your office?

Young Lo. Thou shalt drinke Steward, drinke and dance my
Steward. Strike him a horne-pipe squeakers, take thy *Sriuer*,
and

and pace her till she stee.

Sauil, Sure Sir, I cannot dance with your Gentlewomen, they are too light for mee, pray breake my head, and let mee goe?

C. p. He shall dance, he shall dance.

Young Lo: Hee shall daunce, and drinke, and bee drunke and daunce, and bee drunke againe, and shall see no meate in a yeare.

Poe: And three quarters?

Young Lo. And three quarters bee it.

Capt. Who knockes there? let him in.

Enter Elder Lonelesse disguised.

Sauil Some to deliuer mee I hope,

Elder Lo: Gentlemen, God saue you all, my businesse is to one Master Lonelesse?

Capt: This is the Gentleman you meane; view him, and take his Inuentorie, he's a right one;

Elder Lo: He promises no lesse Sir.

Young Lo: Sir, your businesse?

El: Lo: Sir, I should let you know, yet I am loath, yet I am sworne too'r, would some other tongue would speake it for mee.

Young Lo: Out with it a Gods name:

Elder Lone: All I desire Sir is, the patience and sufferance of a man, and good Sir be not mou'd more,

Young Lo; Then a pottle of sacke will doe, her's my hand, prethee thy businesse?

Elder Lo: Good Sir excuse me, and whatsoeuer you heare, thinke must haue beene knowne vnto you, and bee your selfe discrete, and beare it nobly.

Young Lo: Prethee dispatch me?

Elder Lo: Your Brothers dead Sir?

Young Lo: Thou dost not meane dead drunke?

Elder Lo: No, no, dead and drown'd at sea Sir,

Young Lo: Art sure he's dead?

Elder Lo: Too sure Sir?

Young Lo. I but art thou very certainly sure of it?

Elder Lo. As sure Sir, as I tell it.

Young Lo. But art thou sure he came not vp againe?

Elder Lo.

Elder Lo: He may come vp, but nere to call you Brother.

Young Lo: But art sure he had water enough to drowne him?

Elder Lo; Sure Sir, he wanted none.

Young Lo: I would not haue him want, I lou'd him better; heere I forgiue thee: and I faith bee plaine, how doe I beare it?

Elder Lo: Very wisely Sir.

Yo. Lo. Fill him some wine. Thou dost not see me mou'd, these transitorie toyes nere trouble me, hee's in a better place, my friend I know't. Some fellowes would haue cryed now, and haue curst thee, and falne out with their meat, and kept a pudder; but all this helpes not, hee was too good for vs. and let God keepe him: there's the right vse on't friend. Off with thy drinke, thou hast a spice of Sorrow makes thee dry: fill him another. *Sauil*, your Matters dead, and who am I now *Sauil*? Nay, let's all beare it well, wipe *Sauil* wipe, teares are but throwne away: wee shall haue wenches now shall we not *Sauil*?

Sauil. Yes Sir.

Young Lo. And drinke innumerable.

Sauil. Yes forsooth.

Young Lo. And youle straine currie and be drunke a little.

Sauil. It would be glad, Sir, to doe my weake endeauour.

Yo. Lo. You may be brought in time to loue a wench too.

Sauil. In time the sturdie Oake Sir?

Young Lo. Some more wine for my friend there.

Elder Lo. I shall be drunke anon for my good newes: but I haue a louing Brother, thats my comfort.

Young Lo. Here's to you Sir, this is the worst I wish you for your newes: and if I had another elder Brother, and say it were his chance to feede Haddockes, I should be still the same you see me now, a Poore contented Gentleman. More wine for my friend there, hee's dry againe.

Elder Lo. I shall be if I follow this beginning. Well my deare brother, if I scape this drowning, 'tis your turne next to sinke, you shall dueke twice before I helpe you. Sir I cannot drinke more; pray let me haue your pardon.

Young Lo. O Lord Sir, 'tis your modestie: more wine, giue him a bigger glasse; hugge him my Captaine, thou shalt

bee my chiefe mourner.

Capt : And this my pennon : Sir, a full carouse to you, and to my Lord of Land here.

Elder Lo : I feele a buzzing in my braines, pray God they beare this out, and ile nere trouble them so far againe. Heere's to you Sir ?

Young Lo : To my deare Steward, downe a your knees you infidell, you Pagan ; be drunke and penitent.

Sauil : Forgiue me Sir, and Ile be any thing ?

Young Lo : Then be a Baud, ile haue thee a braue Baud.

Elder Lo : Sir, I must take my leaue of you my businelle is so vrgent.

Young Lo : Lets haue a bridling cast before you go. Fils a new sponpe.

Elder Lo : I dare not Sir, by no meanes.

Young Lo : Haue you any mind to a wench ? I would faine gratifie you for the paines you tooke Sir.

Elder Lo. As litle as to the tother.

Young Lo. If you find any stirring doe but say so,

Elder Lo : Sir, you are too bounteous, when I feele that itching. you shall assuage it Sir, before another : this onely and farewell Sir. Your brother when the storme was most extreame, told all about him, hee left a will which lies close behind a Chimney in the matted Chamber : and so as well Sir, as you haue made me able, I take my leaue,

Young Lo : Let vs embrace him all : if you grow drie before you end your businelle, pray take a baite here, I haue a fresh hogshead for you.

Sauil : You shall neither will nor chuse Sir. My Master is a wonderfull fine Gentleman, has a fine state, a very fine state Sir, I am his Steward Sir, and his man.

Elder Lo. Would you were your owne sir, as I lest you. Well I must cast about, or all sinke.

Sauil : Farewell Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman.

Elder Lo : What would you with me sir ?

Sauil. Farewell Gentleman.

Elder Lo : O sleepe Sir, sleepe.

Exit Elder Lo :

Yo. Lo : Well boyes, you see whats false, lets in and drinke, and giue thanks for it.

Cap. Let's giue thanks for it.

To. Lo. Drunke as I liue.

Saw. Drunke as I liue boyes.

To. Lon. Why, now thou art able to discharge thine office, and cast vp a reckoning of some waight; I will be knighted, for my state will beare it, 'tis sixteene hundred boyes: off with your husks, Ile skin you all in Sattin.

Cap. O sweet *Loueleffe*!

Sawil. All in Sattin? O sweet *Loueleffe*.

Young Lo. March in my noble Compeeres: and this my Countesse shall be led by two: and so proceed we to the will.

Exeunt.

Enter Morecraft the Furer, and Widdow.

Mor: And Widdow as I ~~say~~ be your owne friend: your husband left you wealthy, I and wife, continue so sweet duck, continue so. Take heed of young smooth Verlets, younger brothers: they are wormes that will eate through your bags: they are very Lightning, that with a flash or two will melt your money, & neuer finge your purse strings: they are Colts, wench Colts, beddy and dangerous, till wee take vm vp, and make vm fit for Bonds; looke vpon mee, I haue had, and haue yet matter of moment gyrl, matter of moment; you may meete with a worse backe, Ile not commend it.

Wid. Nor I neither Sir?

Mo: Yet thus farre by your fauour Widdow, tis ruffe.

Wi: And therefore not for my dyet, for I loue a tender one.

Mor: Sweet Widdow leaue your frumps, and be edified: you know my state, I sell no perspectiues, Scarfes, Gloues, nor Hangers, nor put my trust in Shoe ties; and where your Husband in an age was rising by burnt figs, dreg'd with meale and powdered sugar, faunders, and graines, wormesced and rotten Reasons, and such vile Tobacco, that made the footemen mangle; I, in a yeare haue put vp hundreds inclos'd, my Widdow, those pleasant Meadowes, by a forfeit morgage: for which the poore Knight takes a loue chamber, owes for his Ale, and dare not beate his Hostesse: nay more——

Wid. Good Sir no more, what ere my Husband was, I know what I am, and if you marry me, you must beare it brauely off Sir.

Morec. Not with the head, sweet widdow.

Wid. No sweet Sir, but with your shoulders: I must haue you dub'd, for vnder that I will stoope a feather. My Husband was a fellow lou'd to toyle, fed ill, made gaine his exercise, and so grew cossiue, which for I was his wife, & gaue way to, and spun mine owne smockes course, and fir, so little: but let that passe, Time, that weates all things out, wore out this husband, who in penitence of such fruitlesse five yeares marriage, left me great with his wealth, which if youle bee a worthie gossip to, be knighted Sir?

Morec. Now Sir, from whom come you? whose man are you sir?

Sauil. Sir, I come from young Master Loueleffe.

Mo. Be silent Sir, I haue no money, not a penny for you, he's sunke your Masters sunke: a perisht man Sir.

Sauil. Indeed his Brother's sunke sir, God bes with him a perisht man indeed, and drown'd at Sea.

Morecr. How saidst thou, good my friend, his Brother

Sauil. Vntimely sir, at Sea. (drown'd?)

Morecr. And thy young master left sole Heyre?

Sauil. Yes Sir.

Morecr. And he wants money?

Sa. Yes, and lent me to you, for he is now to be knighted.

Mor. Widdow be wise, there's more Land comming, widdow be very wise, and giue thanks for me widdow,

Widdow. Be you very wise, and be knighted, and then giue thanks for me Sir?

Sauil. What sayes your worship to this money?

Morec. I say he may haue money if he please.

Sauil. A thousand Sir?

Mo. A thousand sir, provided any wise sir, his Land lye for the payment, otherwise ———

Enter Young Loueleffe and Comrades to them.

Sauil. He's here himselte Sir, and can better tell you.

Mo. My notable deare friend, and worthy Master Loueleffe, and now right worship ull all ioy and welcome.

To, Lo. Thanks to my deare incloser Master Morecraft, prethce old Angell gold, salute my family, Ile doe as much for yours; this, and your owne desires, faire Gentlewoman.

Wid. And

Wid: And yours Sir, if you meane well; 'tis a handsome Gentleman.

To: Lo: Sirrah, my Brothers dead.

Mere: Dead?

To. Lo. Dead, and by this time soust for Ember Weeke.

Morecraft: Dead?

Young Lo: Drown'd, drown'd at sea Man, by the next fresh Conger that comes we shall heare more.

Mo Now by my faith of my body it moues me much.

To. Lo. What, wilt thou be an Ass, & weepe for the dead? why I thought nothing but a generall inundation would haue mou'd thee prettily be quiet, he hath left his land behind him.

Morecraft. O ha's he so?

Young Lo: Yes faith, I thanks him for't, I haue all boy, ha'st any ready money?

Morecraft: Will you sell Sir?

Young Loue: No not outright good Gripe; marry, a mortgage or such a slight securitie.

Mere. I haue no money sir for mortgage; If you will sell, and all or none, Ile worke a new Mine for you.

Saul. Good Sir looke afore you, he'll worke you out of all else: if you sell all your Land, you haue sold your Countrey, and then you must to Sea, to seeke your Brother, and there lye pickled in a powdering Tub, and breake your teeth with biscuits and hard beefe that must haue watering sir: and where's your 300 pounds a yeare in drinke then? If you'll tunne vp the straights you may, for you haue no calling for drinke there, but with a Cannon, nor no scoring but on your ships sides, and then if you scape with life, and take a faggot boate, and a bottle of *U/quehaugh*, come home poore men like a tipe of Thames streete stinking of Pitch and poore Iohn. I cannot tell Sir, I would be loath to see it.

Capt. Steward, you are an Ass, a meazel'd mungrell, and were it not againe the peace of my soueraigne friend heere, I would breake your fore-casting coxcombe, dogge I would euen with thy staffe of office there, thy pen and Inkehorne. Noble boy, the God of gold here has fed thee well, take mony for thy durt: harke and beleeue, thou art cold of constitution, thy seate vnhealthfull, sell and bee wise; wee are three that will

adorne thee, and liue according to thine owne heart childe ;
mirth shall be onely ours, and onely ours shall bee the blacke
eyde beauties of the time. Money makes men eternall.

Poet : Doe what you will, 'tis the noblest course, then you
may liue without the charge of people, onely wee foure will
make a family, I, and an age that will beget new *Annals*, in
which ile write thy life my Sonne of pleasure, equall with *Ne-
ro* and *Caligula*.

Young Lo : What men were they Captaine ?

Capt : Two roring boyes of *Rome*, that made all split.

Young Lo : Come Sir, what dare you giue.

Sa. You will not sell sir? *To. Lo*. Who told you so Sir?

Sanil : Good Sir haue a care,

Young Lo. Peace, or Ile tacke your tongue vpto your roose.
What money ? speake.

Morecr : Six thousand pound sir.

Capt : Take it, has ouerbidden by the Sunne : bind him to
his bargaine quickly.

To. Lo : Come strike me lucke with earnest, and draw the
writings? *Mo* : There's a Gods penny for thee.

Sanil : Sir for my old matters sake let my farms be excepted,
if I become his tenant I am vndone, my Children beggers,
and my Wife God knowes what : consider me deare sir?

Morecr : Ile haue all or none.

To. Lo. All in, all in: dispatch the writings. *Exit with Com.*

Wid. Go, thou art a pretty fore-handed fellow, would thou
wert wiser.

Sanil. Now doe I sensibly begin to feele my selfe a Rascall ;
would I could teach a Schoole, or begge, or lye well, I am
utterly vndone ; now he that raught thee to deceiue and cou-
sen, take thee to his mercy ; so be it. *Exit Sanil.*

Morecr : Come Widdow come, neuer stand vpon a Knight-
hood, 'tis a meere paper honour, and not proefe enough for
a Sergeant. Come, come, Ile make thee —

Wid : To answer in short, 'tis this sir. No Knight no Wid-
dow, if you make me any thing, it must be a Ladie, and so I
take my leaue.

Mo. Farewell sweet Widdow, and thinke of it. *Ex. Wid.*

Wi. Sir, I doe more then thinke of it, it makes me dreame sir.

Morecr :

Mo. She's rich and sober, if this itch were from her: and say I be at the charge to pay the footmen, and the Trumpets, I and the Horsemen too, and be a Knight, and she refuse me then; then am I hoist into the Subsidie, & so by consequence should proue a Coxcombe: He haue a care of that. Sixe thousand pound, and then the Land is mine, there's some refreshing yet. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTVS, 3. SCÆNA, 1.

Enter Abigall, and drops her Gloue.

Abigall: If he but follow me, as all my hopes tels me he's man enough, vp goes my rest, and I know I shall draw him.

Enter Welford.

Wel: This is the strangest pamperd peece of flesh towards fittie, that euer frailtie copt withall, what a trim lennoy heere shee has put vpon me. these women are a proud kind of Cattell, and loue this whorson doing so directly, that they will not sticke to make their very skins Bawdes to their flesh. Heeres dogskin and Horax sufficient to kill a Hawke: what to do with it, beside mayling it vp amongst Irish heads of Teere. to shew the mightinesse of her palme, I know not: there she is. I must enter into Dialogue. Lady you haue lost your Gloue.

Abig: Not sir, if you haue found it.

Wel: It was my meaning Lady to restore it,

Abig: Twill be vnciuill in me to take backe a fauour. Fortune hath so well bestowed Sir, pray weare it for me.

Wel: I had rather weare a bell. But harke you Mistresse, What hidden vertue is there in this Gloue, that you would haue me weare it? Is't good againt sore eyes, or will it charme the toothake? Or these red tops; being steep't in white wine soluble, will't kill the Itch? or has it so conceal'd a providence to keepe my hand from bonds? if it haue none of these, and proue no more but a bare Gloue of halfe a Crowne a paire, twill be but halfe a courtesie, I weare two alwayes: faith lets draw cuts one will doe me no pleasure.

Abig. The tendernes of his yeares keeps him as yet in ignorance,

norance, he's a well moulded fellow, and I wonder his bloud
should stirre no higher; but tis his want of company: I must
grow neerer to him. *Enter El. Lonelesse disguised.*

Elder Lo: God saue you both.

Abig. And pardon you Sir: this is somewhat rude, how
came you hither?

Elder Lo: Why through the doores, they are open.

Wel: What are you? and what buisnesse haue you here?

Elder Lo: More I beleue then you haue.

Abig. Who would this fellow speake with? art thou sober?

Elder Lo: Yes, I come not here to sleepe.

Wel. Prethee what art thou?

Elder Lo. As much (gay man) as thou art, I am a Gentle-

Wel. Art thou no more? (man.

Elder Lo. Yes, more then thou dar'st be, a Souldier.

Abig. Thou dost not come to quarrell?

Elder Lo. No, not with women; I come to speake here with

Abig. Why I am one. (a Gentlewoman?

Elder Lo: But not with one so gentle:

Wel. This is a fine fellow.

Elder Lo. Sir, I am not fine yet. I am but new come ouer.
direct mee with your ticket to your Taylor, and then I shall
be fine Sir. Lady if there be a better of your sexe within this
house, say I would see her.

Abig. Why am not I good enough for you Sir?

Elder Lo. Your way youle be too good, pray end my bu-
sinesse. This is another Sutor, O fraile woman!

Wel. This fellow with his bluntnesse hopes to doe more
then the long sutes of a thousand could; though he bee slowre
hee's quicke, I must not trust him. Sir, this Lady is not to
speake with you, she is more serious: you smell as if you were
new calkt; goe and bee handsome, and then you may sit with
her Seruingmen.

Elder Lo. What are you Sir?

Wel. Guesse by my outside.

Elder Lo. Then I take you Sir, for some new silken thing
wean'd from the Countrey, that shall (when you come to
keepe good company) bee beaten into better manners. Pray
good proud Gentlewoman helpe me to your Mistres.

Abig. How

Abig: How many liues hast thou, that thou talk'st thus rudely?

Elder Lo: But one, one, I am neither Cat or Woman.

Wel: And will that one life Sir maintaine you euer in such bold sawcinesse?

Elder Lo: Yes, amongst a nation of such men as you are, and be no worse for wearing, shall I speake with this Lady?

Abig: Noby my troth shall you not.

Elder Lo: I must stay here then?

Wel: That you shall not neither.

Elder Lo: Good fine thing tell me why?

Wel: Good angry thing ile tell you:

This is no place for such companions,

Such lousie Gentlemen shall find their businesse

Better i'th Suburbs, there your strong pitch perfume,

Mingled with lees of Ale, shall reeke in fashion:

This is no Thames street Sir.

Abig. This Gentleman informes you truly:

Prethee be satisfied, and seeke the Suburbs,

Good Captaine, or what euer title else,

The warlike Eele boats haue bestow'd vpon thee,

Goe and reforme thy selfe prethee bee sweeter,

And know my Lady speakes with no such swabbers.

Elder Lo: You cannot talke me out with your tradition

Of wit you picke from playes, goe too, I haue found yee:

And for you, tender Sir whose gentle blood

Runnes in your nose, and makes you snuffe at all,

But three pil'd people, I dos let you know,

He that begot your worships sattin sure,

Can make no men Sir: I will see this Lady,

And with the reuerence of your silken ship,

In these old Ornaments.

Wel: You will not sure.

Elder Loue: Sure Sir I shall,

Abig: You would be beaten out?

Elder Lo: Indeed I would not, or if I would be beaten,

Pray who shall beate me? this good Gentleman

Lookes as hee were o'th peace.

Wel: Sir you shall see that: will you get you out?

Elder Lo : Yes, that, that shall correct your boyes tongue,
Dare you fight, I will stay here still. *They draw.*

Abig. O their things are out, helpe, helpe for Gods sake.
Madam; Iesus they foine at one another,
Madam, why, who is within there? *Enter Lady.*

La. Who breeds this rudenesse?

Wel: This vnciuill fellow;
He sayes he comes from Sea, where I belecue,
H'as purg'd away his manners.

Lady : Why what of him?

Wel: Why he will rudely without once God blesse you,
Presse to your priuacies, and no deniall
Must stand betwixt your person and his businesse;
I let goe his ill Language.

Lady: Sir, haue you businesse with mee?

Elder Lo : Madam some I haue,
But not so serious to pawne my life for't:
If you keepe this quarter, and maintaine about you
Such Knights o'th Sunne as this is, to defie
Men of imployment to ye, you may liue,
But in what fame?

Lady: Pray stay Sir, who has wrong'd you?

El. Lo. Wrong me he cannot, though vnciuilly
He flung his wild words at me: But to you
I thinke he did no honour, to deny
The hast I come withall, a passage to you,
Though I seeme course.

Lady. Excuse me gentle Sir, 'twas from my knowledge,
And shall haue no protection. And to you Sir,
You haue shew'd more heate then wit, and from your selfe
Haue borrowed power, I neuer gaue you here,
To doe these vild vnmanly things; my house
Is no blind street to swagger in; and my fauours
Not doting yet on your vnknowne deserts
So farre, that I should make you master of my businesse;
My credit yet, stands fairer with the people
Then to be tried with swords; And they that come
To doe me Seruice, must not thinke to winne me
With hazard of a murther; if your loue

Consist in fury, carry it to the Campe,
And there in honour of some common Mistresse,
Shorten your youth, I pray be better temper'd:
And giue me leaue a while Sir?

Wel. You must haue it.

Exit Welford.

Lady. Now Sir, your businesse?

Elder Lo. First, I thanke you for schooling this yong fellow,
Whom his owne follies, which are prone enough,
Daily to fall into, if you but frowne,
Shall leuell him away to his repentance:
Next, I should raile at you, but you are a Woman,
And anger's lost vpon you.

Lady: Why at me Sir?

I neuer did you wrong, for to my knowledge
This is the first sight of you.

Elder Lo: You haue done that,
I must confesse I haue the least curle in
Because the least acquaintance: But there bee
(If there bee honour in the mindes of men)
Thousands when they shall know what I deliuer,
(As all good men must share in't) will to shame
Blasht your blacke memorie.

Lady: How is this good Sir?

Elder Lo. Tis that, that if you haue a Soule will choake it:
Y'au'e kild a Gentleman:

Lady! I kild a Gentleman!

Elder Lo: You and your crueltie haue kild him woman:
And such a man (let me be angry in't)
Whose least worth weigh'd aboue all womens vertues
That are; I spare you all to come too: guesse him now?

Lady: I am so innocent I cannot Sir.

Elder Lo: Repent you meane, you are a perfect woman.
And as the first was, made for mans vndoing.

Lady: Sir, you haue mist your way, I am not shee.

Elder Lo: Would he had mist his way too, though he had
Wandered farther then women are ill spoken of,
So he had mist this miserie, you Lady.

Lady: How doe you doe Sir?

Elder Lo: Well enough I hope.

I am storme, my Lady.
While I can keepe my selfe out from temptations.

La. Pray leape into this matter, whether would yee?

Elder Lo: You had a Seruant that your pteushnes
Inioined to trauaile.

Lady: Such a one I haue
Still, and should be grievedt were otherwise.

El. Lo: Then haue your asking, and be green'd he's dead;
How you will answer for his worth, I know not,
But this I am sure, eyther he, or you, or both
Were starke mad, else he might haue liu'd
To haue giuen a stronger testimony to th' world
Of what he might haue beene. He was a man
I knew but in his euening, ten Sunnes after,
Forc'd by a tyrant storme our beaten Barke,
Bulg'd vnder vs; in which sad parting blow,
He call'd vpon his Saint, but not for life,
On you vnhappie woman, and whilst all
Sought to preserue their Soules, he desperately,
Imbrac'd a waue, crying to all that see it,
If any liue, goe to my Fate that forc'd me
To this vntimely end, and make her happie:
His name was *Louelesse*: And I scap't the storme,
And now you haue my businesse.

La. Tis too much.
Would I had beene that storme, he had not perisht.
If youle raile now, I will forgieue you Sir?
Or if youle call in more, if any more
Come from this ruine I shall iustly suffer
What they can say, I doe confesse my selfe
A guiltie cause in this. I would say more,
But griefe is growne too great to be deliuered.

Elder Lo: I like this well: these women are strange things.
Tis somewhat of the latest now to weepe,
You should haue wept when he was going from you,
And chain'd with those teares at home.

La. Would you had told me then so, these two armes had
bene his Sex.

Elder Lo. Trust me you moue me much: but say hee liued,
these were forgotten things againe.

Lady. I

Lady : I, say you so? Sure I should know that voice: this is knauery. Ile fit you for it: Were he liuing sir, I would perswade you to be charitable, I, and confesse we are not all so ill as your opinion holds vs. O my friend, what penance shall pull I vpon my fault, vpon my most vnworthy selfe for this?

Elder Lo. Leane to loue others, 'twas some iealousie That turn'd him desperate.

Lady: Ile be with you straight: are you wrung there?

Elder Lo: This workes a mine vpon her.

Lady: I doe confesse there is a Gentleman Has borne me long good-will. *E. Lo.* I doe not like that.

La. And vow'd a thousand seruices to me; to me, regardless of him: But since Fate, that no power can withstand, h'as taken from me my first, & best loue, and to weepe away my youth is a meere folly, I will shew you what I determine sir: you shall know all: Call M *Welford* there: That Gentleman I meane to make the modell of my Fortunes, and in his chaste imbraces keepe aliuie the memory of my lost louely *Louelesse*: he is some what like him to.

Elder Lo: Then you can loue.

Lady: Yes certainly Sir?

Though it please you to thinke me hard and cruell,
I hope I shall perswade you otherwise.

El. Lo. I haue made my selfe a fine foole. *Enter Welford.*

Wel: Would you haue spoke with me Maddam?

La. Yes M. *Wel*, and I aske your pardon before this gentleman for being froward; this kisse, & henceforth more affectiō.

El. Lo. So, tis better I were drown'd indeed.

Wel: This is a suddaine passion, God hold it.

This fellow out of his feare sure ha's

Perswaded her. Ile giue him a new suit on't,

La. A parting kisse, and good Sir, let me pray you
To waite me in the Gallerie.

We. I am in another world, Maddam where you please. *Ex W*

El. Lo. I will to Sea, an't shall goe hard but ile be drown'd in.

La: Now Sir you see I am no such hard creature. (deed
But time may winne me.

Elder Lo: You haue forgot your lost Loue.

La: Alas sir, what would you haue me do? I cannot call him
back againe with sorrow; ile loue this man as deere, & be-

throw me, He keepe him farre enough from Sea, and twas told mee, now I remember me, by an old wise woman, that my first Loue should be drown'd, and see tis come about.

Elder Lo. I would she had told you your second should be hang'd too, and let that come about: but this is very strange.

Lo: Faith sir, consider all, and then I know youle be of my minde: if weeping would redeeme him, I would weepe still.

Elder Lo: But say that I were *Louelesse*,
And scap'd the storme, how would you answer this?

Lo. Why for that Gentleman I would leaue all the world.

Elder Lo: This young thing too?

Lady: That young thing too,
Or any young thing else: why, I would loose my state.

Elder Lo: Why then hee liues still, I am he, your *Louelesse*.

Lo. Alas I knew it sir, and for that purpose prepared this Pageant: get you to your taske. And leaue these Players tricks, or I shall leaue you, indeed I shall. Trauaile, or know me not.

Elder Lo: Will you then marry?

Lady: I will not promise, take your choise. Farewell.

Elder Lo: There is no other Purgatorie but a Woman.
I must doe something.

Exit Louelesse.

Wel: Mistresse I am bold.

Enter Welford.

Lady: You are indeed. *Wel:* You so ouerjoyed me Lady.

Lady: Take heed you surfet not, pray fast and welcome.

Wel: By this light you loue me extreemely.

Lady: By this, and to morrowes light, I care not for you.

Wel: Come, come, you cannot hide it.

Lady: Indeed I can, where you shall neuer finde it. (on't

Wel: I like this mirth well Lady. *Lo.* You shall haue more

Wel: I must kisse you. *Lo.* No sir. *Wel:* Indeed I must.

Lady: What must be, must be; ile take my leaue, you haue your parting blow: I pray commend me to those few friends you haue, that sent you hither, and tell them when you trauaile next, 'twere fit you brought lesse brancery with you, and more wit, youle neuer get a wife else.

Wel: Are you in earnest?

Lo. Yes faith. Will you eat sir, your horses will be readie straight, you shall haue a napkin laid in the butterie for yee.

Wel: Do not you loue me then? *Lo.* Yes, for that face.

Wel:

Wel: It is a good one Ladie.

La. Yes, if it were not warp't, the fire in time may mend it.

Wel, Me thinkes yours is none of the best Ladie,

La: No by my troth Sir; yet o' my conscience,
You would make shift with it.

Wel. Come pray no more of this ?

LE. I will not: Fare you well. Ho, who's within there? bring out the Gentlemans horses, hee's in haste; and set some cold meate on the Table.

Wel I haue too much of that I thinke you Ladie: take your
chamber when you please, there goes a blacke one with you

Lo. Farewell young man,

Exit Lædic. (Lædic,

Wel. You haue made me one. Farewell: and may the curse of
a great house fall vpon thee, I mean the Butler. The diuell &
all his works are in these women, would all of my sex were of
my minde, I would make vm a new Lent, and a long one, that
Heh might be in more reuerence with them. *Ent. Abig. to him.*

Abig: I am forie M. Welford Wel: So am I, that you are here.

Abig. How does my Ladie vse you?

Wel. As I would vsc you, scurallie.

Abig: I should have been more kind Sir?

Well: I should have bene vndone then. Pray leaue me, and
looke to your sweet meates; haik, your Ladie calls?

Abig. Sir, I shall borrow so much time without offence.

Wel. Y^e are nothing but offence, for Gods loue leaue me.

Abig. Tis strangemy Ladie should be such a tirant?

Wel. To send yem to mee, 'Pray god Bitch, good doe, y'are
more trouble to me then a Tearme.

A big. I do not know how my goodwill, if I said loue I lied
not, should anie way deserue this? —————

Wel. A thousand waies, a thousand waies; sweet Creature
let me depart in peace.

Abig. What Creature Sir? I hope I am a woman.

Wel. A hundred I think by your noise.

Abig. Since you are angrie fir, I am bold to tell you that I am
a woman, and a ribbe.

Wel. Of a roasted horse,

big. Conster me that?

[W:] A Dog can doe it better; Farewell Countesse, and commend me to your Ladie, tell her she's proud, and scurvie, and

so I commit you both to your tempter. *Abi.* Sweet Mr. *Welf.*

Wel. Annoyde old Satanus: Goe daube your ruines, your face lookes fouler then a storme: the Footeman Rayes you in the Lobby Lady.

Abig. If you were a Gentleman, I should know it by your gentle conditions? are these fit words to giue a Gentlewoman?

Wel: As fit as they were made for ye: Sirrah, my horses, Farewell old Adage, keeps your nose warme, the Rheume will make it horne else. *Exit Welford.*

Abi. The blessings of a Prodigall young heire be thy companions *Welford*, marry come vp my Gentleman, are your gums growne so tender they cannot bite? A skittish Filly will be your fortune *Welford*, and faire enough for such a packladdle. And I doubt not (if my aime hold) to see her made to amble to your hand. *Exit Abigail.*

Enter Young Lonelesse and Comrades, Morecraft, Widdow, Saul, and the rest.

Capt. Sane thy braue shoulder, my young puissant Knight, and may thy backe Sword bite them to the bone, that loue thee not, thou art an errant mar, goe on. The circumcis'd shall fall by thee. Let Land and labour fill the man that tills, thy sword must be thy plough, and *loue* it speed. *Mecha* shall sweat, and *Mahomet* shall fall, and thy deare name fill vp his monument.

Yo. Lo. It shall Captaine, I meane to be a worthy.

Capt. One worthy is too little, thou shalt be all.

Mor. Capaine I shall deserue some of your loue too.

Capt. Thou shalt haue heart and haad too noble *Morecraft*, if thou wilt lend mee money. I am a man of Garrison, be rul'd and open to me those infernall gates, whence none of thy euill angels passe againe, and I will stile thee noble, nay *Don Diego*. He woo thy *sonne* for thee, and my Knight shall feast her with high meates, and make her apt.

Mo. Pardon me Captaine y^e are beside my meaning.

Young Lo. No M^r *Morecraft*, 'tis the Captaines meaning I should prepare her for ye.

Capt. Or prouoke her. Speake my moderne man, I say prouoke her.

Poet. Cap. I say so too, or stir her to it. So sayes the Criticks:

Yo. Lo. But how soeuer you expound it sir, she's very welcome and

and this shall serue for witnes. And widdow, since y^e are come so happily, you shall deliuer vp the keyes, and free possession of this house; whilst I stand by to ratifie.

Wid. I had rather giue it backe againe bekeue me,
'Tis a milerie to say you had it. Take heed?

Yo. Lo. 'Tis past that Widdow, come, sit downe; some wine there is a scarie banquet if wee had it. All this faire House is yours Sir. *Sauil?*

Sa. Yes Sir.

Young Lo. Are your keyes readie, I must eate your burden.

Sau. I am readie Sir to be vndone, when you shall call me to't.

Young Lo. Come come, thou shalt liue better.

Sau. I shall haue litle to doe, that's all, there's halfe a dozen of my friends i'th field sunning against a bank, with halfe a breech among v'm, I shall bee with v'm shortly. The care and continuall vexation of being rich, eate vp this rascall, What shall become of my poore familie, they are not heepe, and they must keepe themselves.

Young Lo. Drinke Master *Morecraft*, pray be merrie all:

Nay and you will not drinke there's no societie,

Captaine speake loud, and drinke: widdow, a word,

Cap. Expound her thoroughly *Knig't*: Here God a gold, here's to thy faire possessions; Bee a Barron and a bold one: leaue off your tickling of young heires like Trouts, and let thy Chimnies smoke. Feed men of war, liue and be honest, and be saued yet.

Mo. I thanke you worthie *Captaine* for your counsell. You keepe your Chimnies smoking there, your nollrels, and when you can, you feede a man of Warre, this makes you not a Barron, but a bare one: and how or when you shall be saued, let the Clarke o'th companie (you haue commanded) haue a iust care off.

Poet. The man is much moued. Be not angrie Sir, but as the Poet sings, let your displeasure bee a short turie, and goe out. You haue spoke home, and bitterly, to me Sir? *Captaine* take truce, the Miller is a tart and a wittie whorson,

Cap. Poet you saue perdie, the wit of this man lies in his fingers ends, he must tell all; his tongue fills his mouth like a heat-tongue, and only serues to licke his hungrie chaps after a purchase: his brimmes and brimstone are the diuels diet to a fat vniuers head: To her Knight, to her: clap her aboard, and stow her. Wheres the braue Steward?

Sauil: Here's your poore friend, and *Sauill* sir?

Cap: Away, th'art rich in ornaments of nature. First in thy face thou hast a serious face, a betting, bargaining, and sauing face, a rich face, pawne it to the Vsurer; a face to kindle the compassion of the most ignorant and frozen Iustice.

Sauil: Tis such I dare not shew it shortly sir.

Capt. Be blithe and bonny Steward: Master *Morecrafft*,
Drinke to this man of reckoning?

Morec. Here's e'ne to him:

Sa: The Diuell guide it downeward: would there were in't an acre of the great broome field he bought, to sweepe your durtie conscience, or to choake yee, tis all one to me Vsurer.

Young Lo: Consider what I told you, you are young, vnapt for worldly busines: Is it fit one of such tenderne, so delicate, so contrarie to things of care, should stirre and breake her better meditations, in the bare brokage of a brace of Angels? or a new kirtell, though it bee Satten? Eate by the hope of surfers, and lie down only in expectation of a morrow, that may vndo some easie hearted soole, or reach a widowes curses? Let out money, whose vse returns the principall? and get out of these troubles, a consuming heire: For such a one must follow necessarie, you shall die haered, if not old and miserable; and that posselt wealth that you got with pining, liue to see tumbled to anothers hands, that is no more a kin to you, then you to his coosenage.

Wi: Sir you speake well, would God that charity had first begun here?

To. Lo: Tis yet time. Be merrie, me thinks you want wine there, there's more i'th house: Captaine, where rests the heakh?

Cap: It shall goe round boy?

To. Lo: Say you can suffer this, because the ead points at much profit, can you so farre bow below your blood, below your too much beautie, to be a partner of this fellowes bed, and lie with his diseases? If you can, I will not presse you further: yet looke vpon him: there's nothing in that hide bound Vsurer; that man of mat, that all decai'd, but aches: for you to loue, vnlesse his perisht lungs, his drie cough, or his scurniz. This is truth, and so far I dare speak yet: he has yet past cure of Phisicke, spaw, or any diet, a primatiue pox in his bones; and a'my knowledge hee has beene ten times rowell'd: ye may loue him; he had a ballard, his own toward issue,
whips

whipt, and then crop for washing out the roses, in three farthings
to make vin pence.

Wid. I doe not like these Morals?

To. Lo. You must not like him then?

Enter Elder Lo.

Elder Lo: By your leaue Gentlemen?

To. Lo. By my troth sir you are welcome, welcome faith: Lord
what a stranger you are growne; pray know this Gentlewoman,
& if you please these friends here: we are merry, you see the worst
on's; your house has beene kept warme Sir?

El. Lo. I am glad to heare it brother, pray God you are wise too.

To. Lo. Pray M. *Morecraft* know my elder brother, and Cap-
taine doe you complement. *Sanill*, I dare sweare is glad at heart to
see you: Lord, we heard sir you were drown'd at Sea, and see how
luckily things come about?

Morec. This mony must be paide againe Sir?

To. Lo. No sir, pray keepe the Sale, 'twill make good Tailors
measures? I am well I thanke you.

Wid. By my troth the Gentleman has stew'd him in his owne
Sawce, I shall loue him for't.

Sa: I know not where I am, I am so glad: your worship is the
welcom'st man a liue; vpon my knees I bid you welcome home:
here has been such a hurly, such a din, such dismall drinking, swea-
ring, & whoring, 'thas almost made me mad: We haue all liu'd in
a continuall *Turneball. street*; Sir blest bee Heaven, that sent you
safe againe, now shall I eate and goe to bed againe.

Elder Lo: Brethren dismisse these people?

To. Lo. Captaine begon a while, meet me at my old *Randehouse*
in the euening, take your small Poet with you. M. *Morecraft* you
were best goe prattle with your learned Councell, I shall preferue
your mony, I was cosen'd when time was, we art quit Sir.

Wid. Better and better stil. *El. Lo.* What is this fellow brother?

Young Lo: The thirstie Vsurer that supt my Land off:

Elder Lo: What does he tarrie for?

To. Lo: Sir to be Landlord of your house and state: I was bold
to make a little Sale sir.

Morecr. Am I ouer reach'd? if there be Law ile hanper yee.

Elder Lo: Prethee be gone, and rane at home, thou art so base a
foole I cannot laugh at thee: Sirrah, this comes of cozening home
and spare, eate reddish till you raise your sums againe. If you stirre

farre in this, Ile haue you whipt, your eares nail'd for intelligencing o' th pillorie, & your goods forfeit: you are a stale couzener, leaue my house: no more

Mer. A poxe vpon your house. Come Widdow, I shall yet hamper this young Gameller.

Wi. Good twelve ich hundred keepe your way, I am not for your diet, marrie in your owne tribe *Jew*, and get a Broker.

To. Lo. Tis well said Widdow: shall you jogge on Sir?

Mer. Yes, I will goe, but tis no matter whither:
But when I trust a wild Foole and a Woman,
May I leed grait, and build Hospitals.

To. Lo. Nay good sir, make all euen, here's a widdow wants your good word for me, she's rich, and may reueue me and my fortunes.

Eld. Lo. I am glad you looke before you Gentlewoman, here is a poore distressed younger brother.

Wid. You do shime wrong sir, hee's a Knight?

El. Lo. I aske you mercie: yet tis no matter, his Knighthood is no inheritance I take it: whatsoeuer he is, he is your Seruant, or would be Ladie. Faith bee not mercilesse, but make a man; he's young and handsome, though he be my Brother, and his obtruan-ces may deserue your Loue: he shall not fall for meane.

Wi. Sir you speake like a worthy brother: and so much I doe credit your faire language, that I shall loue your Brother: and so loue him, but I shall blush to say more.

El. Lo. Stop her mouth. I hope you shall not liue to know that houre when this shall be repented. Now Brother I should chide, but ile giue no distaste to your faire Mithris. I will instruct her in't and she shall doe't: you haue bin wild and ignorant, pray mend it.

To. Lo. Sir euery day now Spring comes on.

Eld. Lo. To you good Mr. *Sauill* and your Office, thus much I haue to say: Y'are from my Steward become, first your owne Drunkard, then his Bawd: they say y'are excellent growne in both, and perfect: giue me your keyes Sir *Sauill*?

Sa. Good Sir consider who you leste me too.

El. Lo. I leste you as a curb for, not to prouoke my brothers follies: where's the best drinke, now come tell me *Sauill*; where's the soundest whores? Ye old he Goat, ye dried Ape, ye lame Hal-lion, must you be leading in my house your whores, like Furies dance their night rounds, without feare either of King or Con-

table?

stable, within my walles? Are all my Hangings safe; my sheepe
unfold yet? I hope my place is currant, I ha'too much on't. What
say you to 300 pounds in drinke now?

Sauil. Good Sir forgive me, and but heare me speake?

El. Lo. Methinks thou shouldst be drunke still, and not speake
'tis the more pardonable.

Sauil. I will Sir, if you will haue it so.

El. Lo. I thanke ye: yes, e'ne pursue it fir: doe you heare? get a
whore loone for your recreation: goe looke out *Captaine Broken-*
breech your fellow, and quarrell if you dare: I shall deliuer these
keyes to one shall haue more honesty, though not so much fine
wit Sir. Yea may walke and gather *Cresses* fir to coole your liuer;
there's something for you to begin a diet, you'll haue the poxe
else. Speed you well, Sir *Sauil*: you may eate at my house to pre-
serue lie; but keeps no fornications in the stables. *Ex. ovan pr. Sa.*

Sa. Now must I hang my selfe, my friends will look for't.
Eating and sleeping, I doe despise you both now:

I will run mad first, and if that get not pittie,

Ile drowne my selfe, to a most dishonour.

Ex. Sauil.

Finis Actus Tertij.

ACTVS. 4. SCÆNA, I.

Enter Abigail solus.

Abigail Alas poore Gentlewoman, to what a misery hath age
brought thee: to what a scurvie Fortune? thou that hast beene
a Companion for Noblemen, and at the worst of those times
for Gentlemen: now like a broken seruingman, must begge for
fauour to those, that would haue crawl'd like Pilgrims to my
Chamber but for an application of me: you that be comming on,
make much of fiftenees, and so till fise and twen tie: vse your time
with reuerence, that your profits may arise: it will not tarry with
you *Ecce signum*: here was a face, but time that like a surfer eates
our youth, plague of his iron teeth and draw vs for't, has beene
a little bolder here then welcome: and now to say the truth, I am
fit for no man. Old men i'th house of furie, call me Gramam; and
when they are drunke, e'ne then, when lone and my Ladie are all
one, not one will doe me reason. My little Leuite hath forsaken

mè, his siluer sound of Cyterne quite abolisht his dolefull hymns
vnder my Chamber window, digested into tedious learning: well
foole, you leapt a Haddocke when you left him: he's a cleane
man, & a good Edifier, & twenty nobles is his state *de claro*, besides
his pigges in *posse*. To this good *Homilist* I haue beene euer stub-
borne, which God forgiue me for, and mend my manners: and
Loue, if euer thou hadst care of fortie, of such a peece of lape
ground, heare my prayer, and fire his zeale so farre forth that my
faults, in this renewed impression of my loue, may shew corrected
to our gentle reader.

Enter Roger.

See how negligently he passes by me: with what an Equipage
Canonicall, as though he had broken the heart of *Bellarmino*, or
added some thing to the singing Brethren. Tis scorne, I know it,
and deserue it. *M. Roger.*

Rog. Faire Gentlewoman, my name is *Roger*.

Abig. Then gentle *Roger*? *Rog.* Vngentle *Abigall*.

Ab. Why *M. Roger* will you set your wit to a weake womans?

Rog. You are weake indeed: for so the Poet sings.

Abig. I doe confesse my weakenesse sweet Sir *Roger*.

Ro. Good my Ladies Gentlewoman, or my good Ladies Gen-
tlewoman (this trope is lost to you now) leaue your prating, you
haue a season of your first mother in yee: aad surely had the diuell
beene in loue, hee had beene abused too: goe *Dalida*, you make
men fooles, and weare figge breeches.

Ab. Well, well, hard hearted man; dilate vpon the weake in-
firmities of women: these are fit texts, but once there was a
time, would I had neuer seene these eyes, those eyes, those Orient
eyes.

Rog. I they were pearles once with you.

Abig. Sauiing your reuerence Sir, so they are still.

Rog. Nay, nay, I doe beseech you leaue your cogging, what
they are, they are, they serue me without Spectacles I thanke vm.

Abig. O will you kill me?

Rog. I doe not thinke I can.

Yare like a Coppy, hold with nine liues in't.

Abig. You were wont to beare a Christian feare about you:
For your owne workshops sake.

Ro. I was a Christian foole then: Doe you remember what a
dance you led me? how I grew quam'd in loue, and was a dunce?

could

could expound but once a quarter, and then was out too: and then out of the stinking stire you put me in, I prayed for my own issue. You doe remember all this?

Abig. O be as then you were?

Rog. I thanke you for it, surely I will be wiser *Abigall*: and as the Ethnick Poet sings, I will not loose my oyle and labour too, Y'are for the worshipfull I take it *Abigall*.

Abig. O take it so, and then I am for thee? *w. 209.*

Rog. I like these teares well, and this humbling also, they are Symptomes of contrition. If I should fall into my fit again, would you not shake me into a quotidian Coxcombe? Would you not vse me scurviely againe, and giue me possets with purging Comfers in't? I tell thee Gentlewoman, thou hast beene harder to me, then a long pedigree.

Abig. O Curate cure me: I will loue thee better, dearer, longer: I will doe any thing, betray the secrets of the maine household to thy reformation. My Ladie shall looke lovingly on thy learning, and when true time shall point thee for a Parson, I will conuert thy egges to penny custards, and thy tith goose shall grafe and multiply.

Rog. I am mollified, as well shall testifie this faithfull kisse, and haue a great care Mistris *Abigall* how you depresse the Spirit any more with your rebukes and mockes: for certainly the edge of such a follie cuts it selfe.

Abi. O Sir, you haue pierc'd me thorow. Here I vow a recantation to those malicious faults I euer did against you. Neuer more will I despise your learning, neuer more pin cards & cunny tailes vpon your Caslock, neuer againe reproach your reuerend nightcap, and call it by the rancie name of murrin, neuer your reuerend perlon more, and say, you look like one of *Bals* Priests in a hanging, neuer againe when you say grace laugh at you, nor put you out at prayers; neuer crampe you more, nor when you ride, get Sope and Thistles for you. No my *Roger*, these faults shall be corrected and amended, as by the tenour of my teares appeares.

Rog. Now cannot I hold if I should be hang'd, I must crie too. Come to thine owne beloued, and doe euen what thou wilt with me sweet, sweet *Abigall*. I am thine owne for euer: heere's my hand, when *Roger* proues a recreant, hang him i'th Belropes.

Enter Lady, and Martha.

La. Why!

La. Why how now Master Roger, no prayers downe with you to night? Did you heare the bell ring? You are courting: your flocke shall thank well for it.

Ro. I humbly aske your pardon: Ile clap vp Prayers (but stay a little and be with you againe. *Ex. Roger.* *Ent. El. Lo.*

La. How dare you being so vnworthie a fellow, presume to come to moue me any more?

Elder Lo. Ha, ha, ha.

La. What ailes the fellow?

Eld. Lo. The fellow comes to laugh at you: I tell you Ladie I would not for your Land, be such a Coxcomb, such a whining Ass, as you decreed me for when I was last nere.

Lady. I ioy to heare you are wise, 'tis a rare Iewell In an Elder Brother: pray be wiser yet?

El. Lo. Me thinkes I am very wise: I doe not come a wooing Indeed Ile moue no more loue to your Ladiship.

La. What make you here then?

El. Lo. Onely to see you and be merry Ladie: that's all my businessse. Faith lets be very merry. Where's little Roger? he's a good fellow: an houre or two well spent in wholesome mirth, is worth a thousand of these paling passions. Tis an ill world for Louers.

Lady: They were neuer fewer.

Elder Lo. Isthanke God there's one lesse for me Ladie?

La. You were neuer any Sir.

Elder Lo: Till now, and now I am the prettiest fellow.

La. You talke like a Tailor Sir.

El. Lo: Me thinkes your faces are no such fine things now.

La: Why did you tell me you were wise. Lord what a lying age is this, where will you mend these faces?

Elder Lo: A Hogs face soult is worth a hundred of vm.

La. Sure you had a Sow to your Mother.

El. Lo: She brought such fine white Pigs as you, fit for none but Parsons Ladie?

La. Tis well you will allow vs our Cleargie yet.

Elder Lo. That shall not faue you. O that I were in loue againe with a wish.

La. By this light you are a scurvie fellow, pray be gone.

Eld. Lo. You know I am a cleane skind man.

La. Doe I know it?

Eld. Come, come, you would know it; that's as good, but not

not a snap, neuer long for't, not a snap deere Ladie.

La. Harke ye Sir, harke ye, get ye to the Suburbs, there's horse flesh for such hounds: will you goe Sir?

El. Lo: Lord how I lou'd this woman, how I worshipt this prettie calfe with the white face here: as I liue, you were the prettiest foole to play withall, the wittiest little varlet, it would talke: Lord how it talk't; and when I angered it, it would cry out, and scratch, and eate no meate, and it would say, goe hang.

La. It will say so still, if you anger it.

El. Lo. And when I askt it, if it would be married, it sent me of an errant into *France*, and would abuse me, and be glad it did so.

La. Sir this is most vnmanly pray be gone?

El. Lo: And sweare (cuen when it twitterd to be at me) I was vnhanfome.

La: Haue you no manners in you?

El. Lo. And say my back was melted, when God the knowes, I kept it at a charge: *Fourc Flanders* Mares, would haue beene easier to me, and a Fencer.

La: You thinke all this is true now?

El. Lo: Faith whether it be or no, 'tis too good for you. But so much for our mirth: Now haue at you in earnest.

Lo: There is enough sir, I desire no more?

El. Lo: Yes faith, wee le haue a cast at your best parts now, And then the Diuell take the worst.

La. Pray sir no more, I am not so much affected with your comédations, 'tis almost dinner, I know they stay you at the Ordinary.

El. Lo: E'ne a short Grace, and then I am gone; You are a woman, and the proudest that euer lou'd a Coach: the scornefullest, securiell, and most sencelesse woman; the greediest to be prais'd, and neuer mou'd, though it be grosse and open; the most enuious, that at the poore fame of anothers face, would eate your owne, and more then is your owne, the paint belonging to it: of such a felle opinionion, that you thinke none can deserue your gloue: and for your malice, you are so excellent, you might haue beene your Tempters tutor: nay, neuer crie.

La: Your owne heart knowes you wrong me: I cry for yet?

El. Lo: You shall before I leaue you.

La. Is all this spoke in earnest?

El. Lo: Yes, and more as soone as I can get it out.

La. Well out with't.

El. Lo: You are let me see.

La. One that has vs'd you with too much respect.

Eld. Lo. One that hath vs'd me (since you will haue it so) the basest, the most Foot boy-like, without respect of what I was, or what you might be by me; you haue vs'd me, as I would vse a lade ride him off's legs, then turns him to the Commons; you haue vs'd me with discretion, and I thanke ye. If you haue many more such pretty Seruants, pray build an Hospitall, and when they are old, pray keepe v'm for shame.

La. I cannot thinke yet this is serious.

El. Lo. Will you haue more on't?

La: No faith, there's enough if it be true:
Too much by all my part, you are no Louer then?

El. Lo, No, I had rather be a Carrier.

La. Why the Gods amend all.

El. Lo, Neither doe I thinke there can be such a fellow found ith world, to be in loue with such a froward woman: if there bee such, th'are mad, ~~loue~~ comfort v'm. Now you haue all, and I as new a man, as light, and spirited, that I feele my selfe cleane through another creature. O tis braue to be ones owne man, I can see you now as I would see a Picture, sit all day by you and neuer kisse your hand: heare you sing, and neuer fall backward: but with as set a temper, as I would heare a Fidler, rise and thanke you. I can now keepe my money in my purse, that still was gadding out for Scarfes and Waistcoats: and keepe my hand from Mercers sheepskins finely. I can eate Mutton now, and feast my selfe with my two shillings, and can see a Play for eightene pence againe: I can my Ladie.

La. The carriage of this fellow vexes me. Sir, pray let mee speake a little priuate with you I must not suffer this.

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha, what would you with me?
You will not rauish me? Now, your set speech?

La, Thou periur'd man.

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha, this is a fine *exordium*?
And why I pray you periur'd?

La. Did you nor sweare a thousand thousand times you lou'd me best of all things?

El. Lo. I doe confesse it: make your best of that.

La. Why doe you say you doe not then?

El. Lo. Nay

Eld. Lo. Nay Ile sweare it,
And giue sufficient reason, your owne vsage.

La: Doe you not loue me now then? *El. Lo.* No faith.

La: Did you euer thinke I lou'd you dearely?

El. Lo: Yes, but I see but rotten fruits on't. —

La: Doe not denie your hand for I must kisse it, and take my
last farewell: now let me die so you be happie?

El. Lo: I am too foolish: Ladie, speake desre Ladie.

La. No let me die. *She swounes.*

Ma: Oh my Sister! *Abi.* O my Ladie, helpe helpe,

Mar: Run for some *Rosafelis*?

El. Lo. I haue plaid the fine asse: bend her bodie, Ladie, best,
dearest, worthiest Ladie, heare your Seruant: I am not as I shew'd:
O wretched foole to sling away the Iewell of thy life thus. Giue
her more aire, see she begins to stir, sweet Mistris heare me?

La: Is my Seruant well? *El. Lo:* In being yours I am so.

La. Then I care not.

El. Lo. How do ye, reach a chaire there; I confesse my fault, not
pardonable: in pursuing thus vpon such tendernes my wilfull er-
ror; but had I knowne it would haue wrought thus with ye, thus
strangely; not the world had wonne me to it, and let not (my best
Ladie) anie word spoke to my end disturbe your quiet peace: for
sooner shall you know a generall ruine, then my faith broken. Do
not doubt this Mistres, for by my life I cannot liue without you.
Come, come, you shall not greeue, rather be angrie, and heape in-
sultion on mee: I will suffer. O I could curse my selfe, pray smile
vpon me. Vpon my faith it was but a trick to trie you, knowing
you lou'd me dearelie, & yet strangely that you would neuer shew
it, though my meanes was all humilitie.

All. Ha, ha.

El. Lo. How now?

La. I thanke you fine foole for your most fine plot; this was
a subrill one, a stiffe deuise to haue caught Dottrels with, good
sencelesse sir, could you imagine I should swoune for you, and
know your selfe to be an arrant asse? I, a discovered one. Tis quit
I thanke you Sir. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Take heed Sir, she may chance to swoune againe?

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Abig. Step to her sir, see how she changes colour.

Elder Lo. Ile goe to hell first, and be better welcome,

*I am fool'd, I doe confesse it, finely fool'd,
Ladie fool'd Madam, and I thanke you for it.*

*La. Faith tis not so much worth Sir :
But if I knew when you come next a burding,
He haue a stronger noose to hold the Woodcocke,*

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Eld. Lo. I am glad to see you merrie, pray laugh on.

Mar. Had a hard heart that could not laugh at you sir, ha, ha.

*La. Pray Sister doe not laugh, youle anger him,
And then hee'l raile like a rude Costermonger,
That Schoole-boyes had coozened of his Apples,
As loud and sencelesse ?*

E. Lo. I will not raile.

Mar. Faith then lets heare him Sister ?

El. Lo. Yes, you shall heare me.

La. Shall we be the better by it then ?

*Eld. Lo. No, he that makes a woman better by his words,
He haue him Sainted : blowes will not doe it.*

La. By this light heele beate vs.

*Elder Lo. You doe deserue it richly,
And may liue to haue a Beadle doe it.*

La. Now he railes ?

*Elder L. Come scornefull Folly,
If this be railing, you shall heare me raile.*

La. Pray put it in good words then.

*El. Lo. The worst are good enough for such a trifle,
Such a proud peece of Cobweblawne.*

Lady: You bite Sir ?

El. Lo: I would till the bones crackt, and I had my will.

Mar. We had best muzzell him, he growes mad.

*El. Lo. I would 'twere lawfull in the next great sicknes to haue
the Dogs spared those harmelesse creatures, and knocke ith head
these hot continuall plagues, women; that are more infectious.
I hope the state will thinke on't.*

Lady: Are you well Sir ?

Mar. He lookes as though he hrd a greenous sicke Collick.

El. L. Greene ginger will cure me ?

Abig. He heate a trencher for him.

Eld. Lo: Duncy December doe, Thou with a face as old as Erra

Pater

Pater, such a Prognosticating nose: thou thing that ten yeares
since has left to be a woman, outworn the expectation of a Band;
and thy dry bones can reach at nothing now, but gords or dinc-
pinnes, pray goe fetch a trencher goe:

Lady: Let him alone, 'is crackt:

Abie: Ile see him hang'd first, 'is a beastly fellow to vse a wo-
man of my breeding thus; I marry is a: would I were a man, ide
make him eate his Knaues word?

El. Lo: Tie your she Otter vp, good Lady folly, shee sinkes
worle then a Beare baiting.

Lady: Why will you be angry now?

Eld. Lo: Goe paint and purge, call in your kennell with you:
you a Lady?

Abig. Sirra, looke to't against the quarter Sessions, if there
be good behauour in the world, ile haue thee bound to it.

El. Lo: You must not seake it in your Ladies house then: pray
send this Ferret home, and spinne good *Abigall*. And Madam,
that your Ladship may know, in what base maner you haue vs'd
my seruice, I doe from this houre hate thee hartily; and though
your folly should whip you to repentance, & waken you at length
to see my wrongs, tis not the indeauour of your life shall win me;
not all the friends you haue intercession, nor your submissiue let-
ters, though they speake, as many teares as words; nor your
knees growne to the ground in penitence, nor all your state, to
kiss you; nor my pardon nor will to giue you Christian buriall
if you dye thus, so farewell. When I am married and made sure,
Ile come and visit you againe, and vexe you Ladie. By all my
hopes Ile bee a torment to you, worle then a tedious winter. I
know you will recant and sue to mee, but save that labour: Ile ra-
ther loue a feuer and continuall thirst, rather contract my youth
to drinke and sacerdote vpon quarels, or take a drawne whore
fro n an Hospital, that time, diseases, and *Mercury* had eaten, then
to be drawne to loue you.

La. Ha, ha, ha, pray doe, but take heed though.

El. Lo. Fro n thee, false dice, lades, Cowards, and plaguy
Summers, good Lord deliuer me.

Ex. Eld. Lone.

La. But marke you Seruant, marke yee: is he gone? call him
againc.

Abi. Hang him Padocke,

La. Art thou here still? Hee, hee, and call my Seruant, hee or nere see me more.

Abig. I had rather knit againe then see that rascall, but I must doe it.

Exit Abig.

La. I would be loath to anger him too much; what fine foolery is this in a women, to vse those men most frowardly they loue most? If I should loose him thus, I were rightly serued. I hope is not so much himsele, to take it to th'heart: how now? will hee come backe?

Exit. Abig.

Abig. Neuer he sweares whilst he can heare men say ther's any woman lining: he swore he would haue me first.

La. Didst thou intreat him wench?

Abig. As well as I could Madam. But this is still your way, to loue being absent, and when he's with you, laugh at him and abuse him. There's another way if you could hit on't.

La. Thou saist true, get me paper, pen and inke, Ile write to him, ide be loth he should sleepe in's anger.

Women are most fooles when they thinke th'are wisest.

Ex. omnes.

Musicke. Enter young Lonelesse and Widdow going to be Married: With them his Comrades.

Wid. Pray sir cast off these fellowes, as vnsitting for your bare knowledge, and farre more your companie: ist fit such Ragamuffins as these are, should beare the name of friends? and furnish out a ciuill house? y'are to be married now, and men that loue you must expect a course far frō your old carrier: If you will keepe v'm, turne v'm to th' stable, & there make v'm groomes: and yet now I consider it, such beggars once set a horse back, you haue heard wil ride, how farre you had best to looke to.

Cap. Heare you, you that must be Ladie, pray content your selfe and thinke vpon your carriage soone at night, what dressing will best take your Knight, what wastecote, what cordiall will do well i'th morning for him, what triers haue you?

Wid. What doe you meane Sir?

Cap. Those that must switch him vp: if he start well, feare not but crie Saint George, and beare him hard: when you perccieue his wind growes hot and wanting, let him a little downe, is fleet nere doubt him, and stands sound.

Wi: Sir,

Wid. Sir, you here these fellowes?

Yo. Lo. Merrie companions, wench, merrie companions:

Wid. To one another let v^m bee companions, but good Sir not to you: you shall be ciuill and slip off these base trappings.

Capt. He shall not need, my most sweet Ladie Grocer, if he be ciuill, not your powdered Sugar, nor your Reasens shall perswade the Captaine to liue a Coxcombe with him; let him be ciuill and eate i^th *Archers*, and see what will come ont.

Port Let him bee ciuill, doe: vndoe him; I, that's the next way. I will not take (if hee bee ciuill once) two hundred pounds a yeare to liue with him; bee ciuill? there's a trimme perswasion.

Cap. If thou beest ciuill Knight, as *Law* defends it, get thee another nose, that will be puld off by the angrie boyes for thy conuersion: the children thou shalt get on this Ciuillian cannot inherit by the law, th'are *Ethnicks*, and all thy sport meere Morall lecherie: when they are growne hauing but little in v^m, they may prooue Haberdashers, or grosse Grocers, like their deare Dammethere: prethee be ciuill Knight, in time thou maist reade to thy houshold, and bee drunke once a yeare: this would shew finely.

Yo. Lo. I wonder sweet heart you will offer this, you doe not vnderstand these Gentlemen: I will be short and pithy: I had rather cast you off by the way of charge: these are Creatures, that nothing goes to the maintainance of but Corne and Water. I will keepe these fellowes iust in the Competencie of two Hennes.

Wid. If you can cast it so Sir, you haue my liking? if they eate litle, I should not be offended: But how these Sir, can liue vpon so little as Corne and Water, I am vnbeleeuing.

Yo. Lo. Why prethee sweet hart what's your Ale? is not that Corne and Water my sweet Widdow?

Wid. I but my sweet Knight where's the meat to this, and cloathes that they must looke for?

Young Lo. In this short sentence Ale, is all included: Meate Drinke, and Cloth; These are no rauening Footemen, no fellowes, that at Ordinaries dare eate their eighreen pence thrice out before they rise, and yet goe hungrie to play and crack more nuts then would suffice a dozen Squirrels; besides the din,

which

which is damnable: I had rather raile, and bee confin'd to a *Beet-
maker*, then line amongst such rascals; these are people of such a
cleane discretion in their diet, of such a moderate sustenance, that
they sweate if they but smell hot meate. *Porreage* is poison, they
hate a *Kitchen* as they hate a *Counter*, and show vñ but a *Fether-
bed* they swound. Ale is their eating and their drinking surely,
which keepe their bodies cleare, and soluble. Bread is a binder,
and for that abolisht euen in their Ale, whose lost roome fills an
apple, which is more aire and of subtriller nature. The rest they
take is little, and that little is little easie: For like strict men of
order, they do correct their bodies with a bench, or a poore stub-
borne table; if a chimney offer it selfe with some few broken ru-
shes, they are in downe: when they are sicke, that's drunke, they
may haue fresh straw, else they doe despise these worldly pampe-
rings. For their poore apparell, tis worne out to the diet; new
they take none, and if a man should offer, they are angrie: scarce
to be recrueil'd againe with him: you shall not heare em aske one a
cast doublet once in a yeare, which is modesty befitting my poore
friends: you see their *Wardrobe*, though slender, competent: For
shirts I take it, they are things worne out of their remembrance.
Lousie they will be when they list, and *Mangie*, which shewes
a fine variety: & then to cure em, a *Tanners* limepit, which is litle
charge, two dogs, and these; these two may be cur'd for 3. pence.

Wid. You haue halfe perswaded me, pray vse your pleasure: and
my good friends since I do know your diet, Ile take an order, meat
shall not offend you, you shall haue Ale.

Cap. We aske no more, let it be mighty Lady: and if we perish,
then our owne sinnes on vs.

To, Lo. Come forward Gentlemen, to Church my boyes, when
we haue done, Ile giue you cheere in bowles.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTVS, 5. SCÆNA, I.

Enter Elder Loueloff.

Elder Loue: This sencelesse woman vexes me toth' heart, shee
will not from my memory: would shee were a man for one two
houres, that I might beate her. If I had beene vnhandsome, old or
icalous,

iealous, & had bin an euen lay she might haue scorn'd me; but to be young, & by this light I thinke as proper as the proudest; made as cleare, as straight, and strong backe; meanes and manners equall with the best cloth of siluer Sir iⁿ th kingdom: But these are things at some time of the Moone, below the cut of Canuas: Sure she has some Meeching rascall in her house, some hinde, that she hath seene beare (like another *Milo*) quarters of Malt vpon his backe, and sing with't, thrash all day, and iⁿ euening in his stockings, strike vp a Hornepipe, and there stinke two houres, and nere a whit the worse man; these are they, these Steele chind rascals that vndoe vs all. Would I had beene a Carter, or a Coachman, I had done the deed ere this time.

Enter Seruant.

Ser: Sir, there's a Gentleman without would speake with you:

El. Lo. Bid him come in,

Enter Welford.

Wel: By your leave Sir.

Eld. Lo. You are welcome, what's your will Sir?

Wel: Haue you forgotten me?

El. Lo: I doe not much remember you.

Wel: You must Sir. I am that gentleman you pleas'd to wrong, in your disguise, I haue inquired you out.

El. Lo. I was disguised indeed sir if I wrong'd you, Pray where and when?

Wel: In such a Ladies house, I need not name her.

El. Lo. I doe remember you, you seem'd to bee a Suter to that Ladie?

Wel: If you remember this, doe not forget how scruilly you vs'd me: that was no place to quarrell in pray you thinke of it; If you be honest you dare fight with me, without more vrging, else I must prouoke yee:

El. Lo. Sir I dare fight, but neuer for a woman, I will not haue her in my cause, she's mortall and so is not my anger: if you haue brought a Nobler Subject for our Swords, I am for you. in this I would be loath to prick my finger. And where you say I wrong'd you, tis so far from my profession, that amongst my feares, to doe wrong is the greatest: credit me we haue bin both abus'd (not by our selues, for that I hold a spleene, no signe of malice, and may with man enough bee left forgotten,) but by that wilfull, scornefull peece of hatred, that much forgetfull Lady: For whose

sake, if we should leaue our reason, and runne on vpon our sence, like *Rams*: the little world of good men would laugh at vs, and despise vs, fixing vpon our desperate memories the neuer-worne out names of Fooles, and Fencers. Sir tis not feare, but reason makes me tell you; In this I had rather he'pe you Sir, then hurt you, and you shall finde it, though you throw your selfe into as many dangers as she offers, though you redeeme her lost name euerie day, and find her, out new honours with your Sword, you shall but be her mirth as I haue beene.

Wel. I aske you mercie Sir, you haue tane my edge off: yet I would faine be euen with this Ladie.

El. Lo. In which ile be your helper: we are two, and they are two: two Sisters, rich alike; only the elder has the prouder dowrie: In troth I pittie this disgrace in you, yet of mine owne I am sencelesse: doe but follow my counsell, and ile pawne my Spirit, we'l ouer reach em yet; the meanes is this.

Enter Seruant.

Ser: Sir there's a Gentlewoman will needs speake with you I can not keepe her out, she's entered Sir:

El. Lo. It is the waiting woman pray be not scene: sirrha hold her in discourse a while: harken in your care, goe, and dispatch it quickly, when I come in, ile tell you all the proiect.

Wel. I care not which I haue.

Exit Welford.

El. Lo. Away, tis done, she must not see you: now Lady Gwinner what newes with you?

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Pray leaue these frumps Sir, and receiue this letter.

El. Lo. From whom good vanitie?

Abig. Tis from my Lady Sir: alas good soule, shee cries and takes on?

El. Lo. Do's she so good Soule? woud she not haue a Cawdle? do's she send you with your fine Oratorie goody *Tully* to tie mee to beliefe againe? Bring out the Cat hounds, ile make you take a tree whore, then with my tiller bring downe your *Gibship*, and then haue you cast, and hung vp ith warren.

Abig. I am no beast Sir, would you knew it.

El. Lo. Wod I did, for I am yet very doubtfull; what will you say now?

Abig. Nothing not I;

El. Lo.

El. Lo. Art thou a woman, and say nothing?

Ab. V. I'll tell you I heare me with more moderation, I can speake wife enough.

El. Lo. And loud enough & will your Lady loue me?

Ab. It seemes so by her letter, and her lamentations; but you are such another man.

El. Lo. Not such another as I was, Mumps; nor will not bee: ile reade her fine Epistle: ha, ha, ha, is not thy Mistres mad?

Ab. For you she will bee, tis a shame you should vs a poore gentlewoman so vntowardly; she loues the ground you tread on; and you (hard heart) because she iested with you meane to kill her; tis a fine conquest as they say;

El. Lo. Hast thou so much moisture in thy whitleather hide yet, that thou canst crie? I woud haue sworne thou hadst beene touchwood five yeare since; Nay let it raine, thy face chops for a shower like & drie Dunghill.

Ab. Ile not indure this Ribauldrie; Farewell i'th diuels name; if my Ladie die, ile be sworne before a Iury, thou art the cause on't.

El. Lo. Doe Maukin doe, deliuer to your Ladie from me this: I meane to see her, if I haue no other businesse: which before ile want to come to her, I meane to goe seeke birds nests: yet I may come too: but if I come, from this doore till I see her, will I thinke how to raile vildly at her; how to vex her and make her crie so much, that the Phisition if shee fall sicke vpon't, shall want vrine finde the cause be: and she remediless die in her heresie. Farewell old Adage, I hope to see the boyes make potguns on thee.

Ab. Th'art a vile man, God bleffe my issue from thee.

El. Lo. Thou hast but one, and thats in thy left crupper, thae makes thee hobble so; you must be ground i'th breech like a top. youle nere spin well else: Farewell Fytchocke.

Exeunt.

Enter Laay alone.

La. It is not strange that euerie womans will should tracke out new wayes to disturbe her selfe? if I should call my reason to accompt, it cannot answer why I keepe my selfe from mine owne wish; and stoppe the man I loue from his; and euery houre repent againe, yet still go on: I know tis like a man, that wants his naturall sleepe, and growing dull would gladly giue the remnant of his life for two houres rest; yet through his frowardnesse. will rather choose to watch another man,

I haue receiued all Lady.
Drowfie as hee, then take his owne repose. All this I know: yet
a strange penitshnes and anger, not to haue the power to do things
vn: xp died, carries me away to mine owne ruine: I had rather
die: sometimes then not disgrace in publike him whom people
thinke I loue, and doot with oates, and am in earnest then: O
what are we I Men, you must answer this, that dare obey such
things as we command. How now? what newes?

Ab. Faith Madam none worth hearing. *Enter Abigale.*

La. Is he not come? *Ab.* No truly.

La. Nor has he writ?

Ab. Neither. I pray God you haue not vndone your selfe:

La. Why, but what saies he?

Ab. Faith he talkes strangely: *La.* How strangely?

Ab. First at your Letter he laught extreamely?

La. What in contempt?

Ab. Hee laught monstrous loud, as hee would die, and when
you wrote it, I thinke you were in no such merry mood, to pro-
uoke him that way: and hauing done he cried alas for her, and
violently laught againe.

La. Did he? *Ab.* Yes till I was angry.

La. Angry, why? why wert thou angry? he did doe but well,
I did deserue it, hee had beene a foole, an vnfit man for any one
to loue, had hee not laught thus at mee: you were angry, that
shew'd your folly; I shall loue him more for that, then all that ere
he did before: but said he nothing else?

Ab. Many vncertaine things: hee said though you had mockt
him, because you were a woman, hee could wish to doe you so
much fauour as to see you: yet he said, hee knew you rash, and
was loath to offend you with the sight of one, whom now he was
bound not to leaue.

La. What one was that?

Ab. I know not, but truly I doe feare there is a making vp
there: for I heard the seruants, as I past by some, whisper such a
thing: and as I came backe through the hall, there were two or
three Clarkes writing great conuayances in hast, which they said
were for their Mistris ioynter.

La. Tis very like, and fit it should be so, for he does think, and
reasonably thinke, that I should keepe him with my idle tricks,
for euer ere he be married.

Ab. As

Ab. At last he said, it should goe hard but he would see you for your satisfaction.

La. All we that are call'd Women, know as well as men, it were a farre more Noble thing to grace where we are grac't, & give respect there where we are respected: yet we practise a wildercourse, and neuer bend our eyes on men with pleasure, till they find the way to giue vs a neglect: then wee, too late, perceine the losse of what we might haue had, and doo to death. *Enter Martha.*

Ma. Sister yonders your seruant, with a gentlewoman with him.

La. Where?

Mar. Close at the doore.

La. Ah las I am vndone, I feare he is betroth'd, What kind of woman is she?

Mar. A most ill fauoured one, with her Ma'que on: And how her face should mend the rest I know not,

La. But yet her mind was of a milder stuffe then mine was.

Enter Eli, Louelisse, and Welford in Womens apparell,

La. Now I see him, if my hart swell not againe (away thou womans pride) so that I cannot speake a gentle word to him, let me

Eli Lo. By your leaue here. (not liue.

La. How now, what new tricke inuites you hither? Ha'you a fine deuice againe?

Eli Lo. Faith this is the finest deuice I haue now: How dost thou sweete heart?

Wel. Why very well, so long as I may please, You my deare Louer, I nor can, nor will, Be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

Eli Lo. O thy sweet temper: what would I haue giuen, that Lady had beene like thee: seest thou her? that face (my loue) ioynd with thy humble mind, had made a wench indeed.

Wel. Alas my loue, what God hath done, I dare not thinke to mend: I vse no paint, nor any drugs of Art, my hands and face will shew it.

La. Why what thing haue you brought to shew vs there? doe you take money for it?

Eli Lo. A Godlike thing, not to be bought for money: tis my Mistres: in whom there is no passion, nor no scorne: what I will is for law; pray you salute her.

La. Salute her? by this good light, I would not kisse her for halfe my wealth.

El. Lo. Why? why pray you?
You shall see me do't afore you; looke you.

La. Now sic vpon thee, a beaſt would not haue don't. I would not kiſſe thee of a moneth to gaine a Kingdome.

El. Lo. Marrie you ſhall not be troubled.

La. Why was there euer ſuch a *Meg* as this?
Sure thou art mad.

El. Lo. I was mad once, when I lou'd pictures; for what are ſhape and colour ſelfe, but pictures? in that tawnie hide there lies an endles maſſe of vertues, when all your red & white ones want

La. And this is ſhe you are to marrie, is't not?

El. Lo. Yes indeed is't.

La. God giue you ioy.

El. Lo. Amen.

Wel. I thanke you, as vnkowne for your good wiſh.
The like to you whenever you ſhall wed.

El. Lo. O gentle Spirit.

La. You thanke me? I pray
Keepel your breath nearer you, I doe not like it.

We. I would not willingly offend at all,
Much leſſe a Ladie of your worthie parts.

Elde Lo. Sweet, Sweet?

La. I doe not thinke this woman can by nature be thus,
Thus vgly; ſure ſhe's ſome common Strumpet,
Deform'd with exerciſe of ſinne?

Wel. O Sir beleeue not this, for heauen ſo comfort me as I am
free from ſoule pollution with anie man; my honour tane away, I
am no woman.

El. Lo. Arife my deareſt Soule; I doe not credit it. Alas, I feare
her tender heart will break with this reproach; ſie that you know
no more ciuilitie to a weake Virgin. Tis no matter Sweet, let her
ſay what ſhe will, thou art not worſe to me, and therefore not at
all; be careleſſe.

We. For all things elſe I would, but for mine honor; Me thinks.

El. Lo. Alas, thine honour is not ſtain'd,
Is this the buſineſſe that you ſent for me about?

Ma. Faith Siſter you are much to blame, to vſe a woman, what-
ſoeere ſhe be, thus; ile ſalute her: You are welcome hither.

Wel. I humbly thanke you.

El. Lo. Milde yet as the Dove, for all theſe iniuries. Come ſhall

wee goe, I loue thee not so ill to keepe thee here a iesting stocke.
Aduce to the worlds ends.

La: Why whither now?

El. Lo: Nay you shall never know, because you shall not find

La: I pray let me speake with you. (me.

El. Lo: Tis very well: come.

La: I pray you let me speake with you.

El. Lo. Yes for another mocke.

La: By heauen I haue no mockes: good Sir a word.

El. Lo: Though you deserue not so much at my hands, yet if you bee in such earnest, Ile speake a word with you? but I beseech you be briske: for in good faith there's a Parson and a licence stay for vs i'th Church all this while: and you know tis night.

La: Sir, giue me hearing patiently, and whatsoeuer I haue heretofore spoke iestingly, forget: for as I hope for mercy any where, what I shall vtter now is from my heart, and as I means.

El. Lo. Well, well what doe you meane?

La: Was not I once your Mistres, and you my Seruant?

El. Lo: O tis about the old matter.

La: Nay, good Sir stay me out; I would but heare you excuse your selte, why you should take this woman, and leaue me.

El. Lo. Prethee why not, deserues she not as much as you?

La: I thinke not, if you will looke
With an indifferencie vpon vs both.

El. Lo. Vpon your faces, tis true: but if iudicially we shall cast our eyes vpon your mindes, you are a thousand women of her in worth: She cannot found in iest, nor set her loue tasks, to shew her peeuishnes, and his affliction: nor crosse what he saies, though it be Canonical. She's a good plaine wench, that will doe as I will haue her, and bring me lustie boyes to throw the Sledge, and lift at Pigs of lead: and for a wife, she's farre beyond you: what can you doe in a household to provide for your issue, but lye a bed and get vni? your businesse is to dresse you, and at idle houres to eate; when she can doe a thousand profitable things: She can do prettie well in the Paistrick, and knowes how pullen should bee cram'd, she cuts Cambrick at a thrird: weaues bone-lace, and quilts bales; And what are you good for?

La. Admit it true, that she were farre beyond me in all respects, does that giue you a licence to forswear your selfe?

El. Lo. For

El. Lo. Forswear me my selfe, how?

La. Perhaps you haue forgot the innumerable oathes you haue vttered in disclaiming all for wines but mee: He not remember you: God giue you ioy.

El. Lo. Nay but conceine mee, the intent of oathes is euer vnderstood. Admit I should protest to such a friend, to see him at his lodging to morrow: Diuines would neuer hold me periu'r'd, if I were stricke blind, or he hid him where my diligent search could not finde him: so there were no crosse act of mine owne in't. Can it be imagin'd I meane to force you to marriage, and to haue you whether you will or no?

La. Alas you need not. I make already tender of my selfe, and then you are forsworne.

El. Lo. Some sinne I see indeed must necessarily fall vpon mee, as who soeuer deales with women shall neuer vtterly a void it: yet I would chuse the least ill; which is to forsake you, that haue done mee all the abuses of a malignant woman, contemn'd my seruice, and would haue held mee prating about marriage, till I had beene past getting of children: then her that hath forsooke her family, and put her tender body in my hand, vpon my word.

La. Which of vs swore you first to?

El. Lo. Why to you.

La. Which oath is to be kept then.

El. Lo. I prethee doe not vrge my sinnes vnto me, Without I could amend v'm.

La. Why you may by wedding me.

El. Lo. How will that satisfie my word to her?

La. Tis not to be kept, and needs no satisfaction, Tis an error fit for repentance onely.

El. Lo. Shall I liue to wrong that tender hearted virgin so? It may not be?

La. Why may it not be?

El. Lo. I swear I had rather marry thee then her: but yet mine honestie?

La. What honestie? Tis more preserued this way: Come, by this light seruant thou shalt, He kisse thee on't.

El. Lo. This kisse indeed is sweet, pray God no sin lie vnder it.

La. There is no sinne at all, eric but another.

Wel. O my heart.

The Scornefull Lady.

Mar. Helpe Sister, this Ladie swonnes.

El. Lo. How doe you? *Wel.* Why very well, if you be so.

El. Lo. Since a quiet minde liues not in any woman: I shall doe a most vn godly thing. Heare me one word more, which by all my hopes I will not alter. I did make an oath when you delaid me so; that this very night I would be married. Now if you will goe without delay, suddenly, as late as it is, with your owne Minister to your owne Chappell, Ile wed you and to bed.

La. A match deare seruant.

El. Lo. For if you should forsake me now, I care not. she would not though for all her iniuries, such is her spirit. If I be not ashamed to kisse her now I part, may I not liue.

Wel. I see you goe, as fliely as you thinke to scale away: yet I will pray for you; All blessings of the world light on you two, that you may liue to be an aged paire. All curses on me if I doe not speake what I doe with indeed.

El. Lo. If I can speake to purpose to her, I am a villaine.

La. Seruant a way.

Mar. Sister, will you marrie that inconstant man? thinke you he will not cast you off to morrow, to wrong a Ladie thus, lookt she like dirt. twas basely done. May you nere prosper with him.

Wel. Now God forbid. Alas I was vnworthy, so I told him.

Mar. That was your modesty, to good for him.
I would not see your wedding for a world.

La. Chuse chuse come *Tong loue.*

Ex. La. El. Lo. & Tong.

Mar. Drie vp your eies for looth, you shall not thinke we are vnciuill, all such beasts as these. Would I knew how to giue you a reuenge.

Wel. So would not I: No let me suffer truly, that I desire.

Mar. Pray walke in with me, 'Tis very late, and you shall stay all night: your bed shall be no worse then mine; I wish I could but doe you right.

Wel. My humble thanks:

God grant I may but liue to quit your loue.

Exeunt.

Enter Tong Louelesse and Samil.

To. Lo. Did your Master send for me Samil?

Sa. Yes, he did send for your worship Sir.

To. Lo. Doe you know the businesse?

Sa. Alas Sir, I know nothing, nor am imployed beyond my
house

houres of eating. My dancing dayes are done Sir.

To. Lo. What art thou now then.

Sa. If you consider me in litle, I am with your worships reuerence Sir, a rascall : one that vpon the next anger of your brother, must raise a sconce by the high way, and sell switches ; My wife is learning new Sir to weaue inckle.

To. Lo. What dost thou meane to doe with thy children *Sauill*?

Sa. My eldest boy is halfe a rogue already, he was borne bursten, and your worship knowes, that is a prettie step to mens passions. My youngest boy I purpose Sir to bind for ten yeeres to a Iaceler, to draw vnder him, that he may shew vs mercy in his function.

To. Lo. Your familie is quartered with discretion : you are resolved to Cant then : where *Sauill* shall your sceane lie.

Sa. Beggars must be no choosers.

In euery place (I take it) but the Hockes

To. Lo. This is your drinking, and your whoring *Sauill*, I told you of it. but your heart was hardned,

Sa. Tis true, you were the first that told me of it, I do remember yet in teares, you told me you would haue whores, and in that passion Sir, you broke out thus ; Thou miserable man, repent, and brew three strikes more in a hogshed. Tis noone ere we be drunke now, and the time can tarry for no man.

To. Lo. Y^e are growne a bitter Gentleman. I see misery can cleere your head better then mustard. Ile be a sutor for your keyes againe Sir.

Sa. Will you but be so gracious to me Sir ? I shall be bound.

To. Lo. You shall Sir.

To your bunch againe, or Ile misse foully.

Enter Morecraft.

Mor. Saue you Gentleman, saue you.

To. Lo. Now Polecat, what yong Rabets nest haue you to draw?

Mor. Come, prethee bee familiar Knight.

To. Lo. Away Foxe, Ile send for Terrieres for you.

Mor. Thou art wide yet : Ile keepe thee companie.

To. Lo. I am about some businesse ; Indentures, If ye follow me Ile beate you : take heed,
As I liue Ile cancell your Coxcombe,

Mor. Thou art cozen'd now, I am no vniuerser :

What poore fellow's this?

Sa. I am poore indeed Sir.

Mor. Giue him money Knight.

To, Lo. Doe you begin the offering.

Mor. There poore fellow, her's an angell for thee.

To, Lo. Art thou in earnest *Moorecraft*?

Mo. Yes faith Knight, Ile follow thy example: thou hadst land and thousands, thou spendst, and flungst away, and yet it flowes in double: I purchas'd, wrung, & wierdraw'd, for my wealth, lost, & was cozend: for which I make a vowe, to trie all the waies about ground, but Ile find a constant meanes to riches without curses,

To, Lo. I am glad of your conuersion Master *Moorecraft*: Y'are in a faire course, pray pursue it still.

Mor. Come, we are all gallants now, Ile keepe thee company; Here honest fellow, for this Gentlemans sake, theres two angels more for thee.

Sa. God quite you Sir, and keepe you long in this mind.

To, Lo. Wilt thou perseuere

Mor. Till I haue a penny. I haue braue cloathes a making, and two horses; canst thou not helpe me to a match Knight, Ile lay a thousand pound vpon my crop-eare.

To, Lo. Foote, this is stranger then an *Affricke* monster, There will be no more talke of the *Cleane* warres Whilst this lasts, come, Ile put thee into blood.

Sa. Would all his damb'd tribe were as tender hearted. I beseech you let this Gentleman ioyne with you in the recovery of my Keyes; I like his good beginning Sir, the whilst Ile pray for both your worships.

To, Lo. He shall Sir,

Mor. Shall we goe noble Knight? I would faine be acquainted.

To, Lo. Ile be your seruant Sir.

Exeunt.

Enter Eld, Loueleffe and Ladie.

El. Lo. Faith my sweete Ladie, I haue caught you now, mauer your subtilties, and fine deuises, be coy againe now.

La. Prethee sweet-heart tell true.

El. Lo. By this light, by all the pleasures I haue had this night, by your lost maidenhead, you are cozened meereely. I haue cast beyond your wit. That Gentleman is your retainer *Welford*.

La. It cannot be so.

El. Lo. Your Sister has found it so, or I mistake, marke how she blushes

blushes when you see her next. Ha, ha, ha, I shall not traue'll now
ha, ha, ha.

La Prethee sweet hart be quiet, thou hast angred me at heart.

El. Lo. Ile please you soone againe. *La* Welford,

El. Lo. I Welford, hee's a yong handsome fellow, well bred and
landed: your Sister can instruct you in his good parts, better then I
by this time.

La. Vds foot and I seeth ouer thus?

El. Lo. Yes ifaith.

And ouer shall be seeth againe. neuer feare it.

La. I must be patient, though it torture me:
You haue got the Sunne Sir.

El. Lo. And the Moone too, in which Ile be the man.

La. But had I knowne this, had I but surmiz'd it, you should
haue hunted three traines more, before you had come to tosh
course, you should haue hanckt wth bridle, Sir, ifaith.

El. Lo. I knew it, and min'd with you, and so blew you vp.
Now you may see the Gentlewoman: stand close.

Enter Welford and Martha,

Mar. For Gods sake Sir, be private in this businesse,
You haue vndone me else. O God, what haue I done?

Wel. No harme I warrant there.

Mar. How shall I looke vpon my freinds againe?
With what face.

Wel. Why en'e with that: tis a good one, thou canst not finde
a better: looke vpon all the faces thou shalt see there, and you shall
finde v^m smooth still, faire still sweet still, and to your thinking
honest; those haue done as much as you haue yet, or dare doe
Mistres, and yet they keepe no stirre.

Mar. Good Sir goe in, and put your womans cloathes on:
If you be seene thus, I am lost for euer.

Wel. Ile wach you for that Mistres: I am no foole, here will I
tarry till the house be vp and witnesse with me.

Mar. Good deare freind goe in.

Wel. To bed againe if you please, else I am fixt here till ther
bee notice taken what I am, and what I haue done: if you coul
juggle me into my woman-hood againe, and so cog me out of your
company, all this would be forsworne, and I againe an asinago,
your Sister left me. No, Ile haue it knowne and publisht; then I
you'll

you'll be a whore, forsake me & be a thame'd: & when you can hold no longer, marry some cast *Cleane Captaine*, & sell *Boule-ale*.

Mar, I dare not flay sir, vse me modestly, I am your wife.

Wel, Goe in, Ile make vp all.

El Lo, Ile be a witnes of your naked trueth Sir: this is the gentlewoman, prethee look vpon him, this is he that made me break my faith sweet: but thanke your Sister, she hath soderd it.

La, What a dull asse was I, I could not see this wench from a wench: twentie to one, if I had beene but tender like my sister, he had serued me such a slippery trick too.

Wel, Twentie to one I had.

El, Lo, I would haue watcht you sir, by your good patience for ferriting in my ground.

La, You haue beene with my Sister. *Wel*, Yes to bring.

El, Lo, An heire into the world he meanes.

La, There is no chafing now.

Wel, I haue had my part on't: I haue beene chaste this three houres, thats the least, I am reasonable coole now.

La, Cannot you fare well, but you must cry roast meat?

Wel, He that fares well, and will not blesse the founders, is either surfeited, or ill taught, Ladie, for mine owne part, I haue found so sweete a diet, I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.

El, Lo, How like you this dish. *Wel*, I made a supper on't, and fed to hearrily, I could not sleepe,

La, By this light, had I but sented out your traine, ye had slept with a bare pillow in your armes, & kist that, or els the bed post, for anie wife yee had got this twelue-month yet: I would haue vext you more then a try'd post-horse; and bin longer bearing, u.e. euer after game at *Irish* was, Lord, that I were vnmarrried again.

El, Lo, Lady I would not vndertake yee, were you againe a *Haggard*, for the best cast of fore Ladies i'th Kingdome: you were euer ricklefooted, and would not trusse round?

Wel, Is she fast? *El, Lo*, She was all night lockt here boy.

Wel, Then you may lure her without feare of loosing: take off her Cranes. You haue a delicate Gentlewoman to your sister. Lord what a prettie furie she was in, when she perceiued I was a man: but I thanke God I satisfied her scruple, without the parson oth' towne.

El, Lo, What did ye?

Wel. Madam, can you tell what we did?

El. Lo. She has a shrewd guesse at it I see it by her.

La. Well you may mocke vs: but my large Gentlewoman, my *Mary Ambree*, had I but scene into you, you should haue had another bedfellow, fitter a great deale for your itch.

Wel. I thanke you Lady, me thought it was well,
You are so curious.

*Enter Yong Louelesse, his Lady, Morecraft, Sanill
and two Seruingmen.*

El. Lo. Get on your dublet, here comes my brother.

To. Lo. Good morrow brother and all good to your Lady.

Mo. God saue you and good morrow to you all.

El. Lo. Good morrow. Here's a poore brother of yours.

La. Fie how this shames me.

Mor. Prethee good fellow helpe me to a cup of beere.

Ser. I will Sir.

To. Lo. Brother what make you here? will this Lady doe?
Will shee? is shee not nettled still?

El. Lo. No, I haue cur'd her.

M^r Welford, pray know this Gentleman, is my brother.

Wel. Sir I shall long to loue him.

To. Lo. I shall not be your debter Sir. But how is't with you?

El. Lo. As well as may be man: I am married: your new acquaintance hath her sister and all's well.

To. Lo. I am glad ont. Now my prettie Lady Sister.
How doe you find my brother?

La. Almost as wild as you are.

To. Lo. I will make the better husband: you haue tried him?

La. Against my will Sir.

To. Lo. Hec'le make your will amends soone, doe not doubt it.
But Sir I must intreat you to be better knowne

To this conuerted Jew here

Ser. Here's Beere for you Sir.

Mo. And here's for you an angell:

Pray buy no Land, twill neuer prosper Sir.

El. Lo. How's this?

To. Lo. Blesse you, and then Ile tell: He's turn'd Gallant.

El. Lo. Gallant?

To. Lo. I Gallant, and is now called, *Cutting Morecraft*:

The reason ile informe, you at more leisure.

Wel, O good Sir let me know him presently.

To, Lo, You shall hug one another.

Mo, Sir I must keepe you companie, *El, Lo*, And reason.

To, Lo, Cutting *Moorecraft* faces about. I must present another

Mo, As many as you will Sir, I am for vni.

Wel, Sir I shall doe you seruice.

Mo, I shall looke for't in good faith Sir,

El, Lo, Prethee good sweet-heart kisse him.

La, Who, that fellow?

Sa, Sir will it please you to remember me : my keyes good sir.

To, Lo, Ile doe it presently.

El, Lo, Come thou shalt kisse him for our sportfake.

La, Let him come on then; and doe you heare, do not instruct me in these trickes, for you may repent it.

El, Lo, That at my perill. Lusty M^r, *Moorecraft*.

Heere is a Ladie would salute you.

Mo, She shall not loose her longing sir : what is she?

El, Lo, My wife Sir.

Mo, She must be then my Mistres,

La, Must I Sir? *El, Lo*, O yes, you must,

Mo, And you must take this ring, a poore pawne,
Of some fiftie pound.

El, Lo, Take it by any meanes, tis lawfull prise,

La, Sir I shall call you seruant,

Mo, I shall be proud on't : what fellowes that?

To, Lo, My Ladies Coachman,

Mo, There's something, (my friend) for you to buy whips,
And for you sir, and you sir,

El, Lo, Vnder a miracle this is the strangest,
I euer heard of.

Mo, What shall we play, or drinke? what shall we doe,
Who will hunt with me for a hundred pounds,

Wel, Stranger and Stranger, I
Sir you shall find sport after a day or two,

To, Lo, Sir I haue a sute vnto you
Concerning your old seruant *Sauill*,

El, Lo, O, for his keyes, I know it,

Sa, Now Sir, stricke in.

The Scornefull Lady.

Mor. Sir I must haue you grant me.

El. Lo. Tis done Sir, take your keyes againe :
But harke you *Samill*, leaue of the motinos,
Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze againe :
He trie you once more.

Sa, If euer I be taken drunke, or whoring,
Take off the biggest key i'th bunch, and open
My head with it Sir : I humbly thanke your worships.

El. Lo. Nay then I see we must keepe holiday, *Enter Roger, & Abigail.*
Heeres the last couple in bell.

Ro, Ioy be among you all.

Lo, Why how now Sir, what is the meaning of this emblem ?

Ro, Marriage an't like your worship.

La, Are you married ?

Ro, As well as the next priest could doe it, Madam.

Eld. Lo. I thinke the signes in *Gaminie*, heer's such coupling.

Wel: Sir *Roger*, what will you take to lie from your sweete-
heart to night ?

Ro, Not the best benifice in your worships gift Sir.

Wel, A whorson, how he swels.

To, Lo, How many times to night Sir *Roger* ?

Ro, Sir you grow scurrilous :

What I shall doe, I shall doe : I shall not need your helps,

To, Lo, For horse flesh *Roger.*

El. Lo. Come prethee be not angry, tis a day
Giuen holy to our mirth.

La, It shall be so Sir : Sir *Roger* and his Bride,
We shall intreate to be at our charge.

El. Lo. *Welford* get you to the Church : by this light,
You shall not lis with her againe, tilly'eare married,

Wel, I am gone.

Mor, To euery Bride I dedicate this day;
Six healths'a peece and it shall goe hard,
But euery one a Iewell : Come be mad boyes.

El. Lo, Th'art in a good beginning : come who leads?
Sir *Roger*, you shall haue the *Van* : lead the way :
Would euery dogged wench had such a day,

Exeunt.

FINIS

Steven & Tom: his

